

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

DECEMBER 28, 1962

TOWARD A WORLD MARKET
The Year in Business



VOL. LXXX NO. 26
(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

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**What kind of man
handles a business
challenge best?**

A board chairman talks about tomorrow's executives...

The Bell System has always sought men who could keep telephone service constantly improving. Men with exceptional engineering talent, men with equally outstanding managerial potential. Such men are widely sought on college campuses across the United States. And with the future of communications unfolding so rapidly, the search has intensified.

But still there is the old question to be answered, "What kind of man handles a business challenge best?" A midwestern college audience recently heard these comments in a talk by A.T.&T. Board Chairman, Frederick R. Kappel:

"...We took the records of 17,000 college men in the business who could fairly be compared with each other, and, examining their records, sought the answer to the question: 'To what extent does success in college predict success in the Bell System?'..."

"...The results..."

"...The single most reliable predictive indicator of a college graduate's success in the Bell System is his rank in his graduating class.

"A far greater proportion of high-ranking than low-ranking students have qualified for the large responsibil-

ities....While a relationship does exist between college quality and salary, rank in class is more significant..."

"...What about extracurricular achievement?...Men who were campus leaders reached our top salary third in slightly greater proportion than those who were not. But it is only real campus *achievement* that seems to have any significance. Mere participation in extracurricular goings-on does not..."

"...What we have here, as I said before, are some hints—rather strong hints—about where to spend the most time looking for the men we do want, the men with intelligence *plus* those other attributes that give you the feel, the sense, the reasonable confidence that they will make things move and move well....They want to excel and they are determined to work at it..."

"...Business should aspire to greatness, and search diligently for men who will make and keep it great..."

FREDERICK R. KAPPEL, *Chairman of the Board*
American Telephone and Telegraph Company



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Owned by more than two million Americans

TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

Jumbo. Broadway's elephantiasis of 1935, pumped full of Metrocolor, comes to the screen as a "pulchatoobinious pachadimon" of a picture—anyway, that's the way Jimmy Durante says it, and in this picture Jimmy is 100% right. Martha Raye is 99% right, and Doris Day is Doris Day.

No Exit. A competent cinemadaptation of Jean-Paul Sartre's celebrated attempt to demonstrate the existentialist tenet that hell is other people.

Gay Purr-ee. A full-length, somewhat overanimated cartoon about a pretty French pussy named Mewsette who falls in with a sinister *allegé* cat but is rescued by a hair-trigger mouse.

The Legend of Lobo. Walt Disney, who thinks that wolves are really nicer than people, tries to prove it by telling the story of a 150-lb. monster who terrorized New Mexico in the 1890s. Disney is sort of crying sheep, but the kids won't care.

The Reluctant Saint. Maximilian Schell attains new historic heights in the amusing, amazing story of San Giuseppe of Cupertino (1603-63), a saint who could literally fly.

Two for the Seesaw. Shirley MacLaine is pretty funny in a pretty funny film version of William Gibson's Broadway comedy. Robert Mitchum is not.

The Long Absence. A man who doesn't know who he is and a woman who thinks he is her husband suffer their strange dilemma in a strange but affecting French film, thoughtfully directed by Henri Colpi.

Mutiny on the Bounty. Trevor Howard, as Captain Bligh, is all man and a yard-arm wide in M-G-M's \$18.5 million reconstruction of *The Bounty*, but Marlon Brando has chosen to play Fletcher Christian as a sort of hard-alee Hamlet.

Billy Budd. An exciting and disturbing study of good and evil, based on Herman Melville's moralistic novel; Peter Ustinov directed the picture with style, and plays one of the principal roles with skill.

Long Day's Journey into Night. Eugene O'Neill's play, one of the greatest of the century, is brought to the screen without significant changes and with a better than competent cast: Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Richardson, Jason Robards Jr. and Dean Stockwell.

TELEVISION

Years of Crisis (CBS, 7:30-9 p.m.). CBS correspondents from all over gather in New York to assess the major news events of 1962.

The United States Steel Hour (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Patty Duke as a hotelkeeper's daughter who charms celebrated guests.

I'm Dickens . . . He's Fenster (ABC, 9-9:30 p.m.). TV's best new comedy series—about a couple of slapstick carpenters.

Eyewitness (CBS, 10:30-11 p.m.). The top news story of the week.

East-West Football Game (NBC, 4:45-7:30 p.m.). From San Francisco.

* All times E.S.T.

Sun., Dec. 30

Lamp Unto My Feet (CBS, 10-10:30 a.m.). An interview with Dr. Geoffrey Fisher, former Archbishop of Canterbury.

National Football League Championship Game (NBC, 1:45 p.m. to conclusion). From Yankee Stadium.

Issues and Answers (ABC, 3-3:30 p.m.). Guest: Walter Heller, chairman of President Kennedy's Economic Council.

1962: A Television Album (CBS, 3:30-5 p.m.). Highlights of the news of 1962.

This Is NBC News (NBC, 4:30-5 p.m.). Survey of the outstanding news events of the previous week.

Update (NBC, 5:50-6 p.m.). Robert Abernethy's news program for teen-agers.

The Voice of Firestone (ABC, 10-10:30 p.m.). Guests: Leontyne Price and Robert Merrill.

Howard K. Smith (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). Angles into the news.

Mon., Dec. 31

The Match Game (NBC, 4-4:45 p.m.). A new parlor game. Première.

David Brinkley's Journal (NBC, 10-10:30 p.m.). A study in oratorical openings, noting how different men begin speeches, including clips of Harry Truman, Lyndon Johnson, Everett Dirksen and Charles Halleck.

Tues., Jan. 1

Orange Bowl (ABC, 12:30 p.m. to end). Alabama v. Oklahoma.

Sugar Bowl (NBC, 1:45 p.m. to end). Mississippi v. Arkansas.

Cotton Bowl (CBS, 2:30 p.m. to end). L.S.U. v. the University of Texas.

Rose Bowl (NBC, 4:45 p.m. to end). U.S.C. v. Wisconsin in what should be the best college football contest of the concluding season.

The New Year and the Nation (ABC, 10-10:31 p.m.). The old year's news in review.

Chet Huntley Reporting (NBC, 10:30-11 p.m.). Egypt's new program of Arab Socialism.

THEATER

On Broadway

Never Too Late. by Sumner Arthur Long, is pulverizingly funny about a piffing subject—belated fatherhood. The men who drive this comic troika are Actors Paul Ford and Orson Bean and that genius of slapstick farce, Director George Abbott.

Little Me. Sid Caesar is the laugh-combustion engine of this musical comedy. Neil Simon's tart script, Bob Fosse's inventive dances and Virginia Martin's dingedong Belle Poirine help to keep the evening chugging merrily along.

Beyond the Fringe offers the lucid and lunatic drolleries of four young English anti-Establishmentarians. God, Shakespeare, nuclear defense—name it, they slam it, right in the funny bone.

Tchin-Tchin is a cheery drink-up expression, but all the hero and heroine of this play have to swallow is the lees of abandonment by their mutually unfaithful spouses. As the pair of wistful rejects, Margaret Leighton and Anthony Quinn perform with sorcery.

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? leaves welts on a playgoer's mind with its savage

wit and marital horrors. In this brilliantly virulent struggle of man and wife, Arthur Hill plays cobra to Uta Hagen's mongoose.

Off Broadway

The Dumbwaiter and **The Collection**, by Harold Pinter, are strange, funny, terrifying one-acters that enigmatically glimpse the contortions, evasions, and inarticulateness of human beings groping for contact with one another.

A Man's Man by Bertolt Brecht. The term brainwashing did not exist in 1926 when the late great German playwright fashioned this marvelously exciting play on the subject. Since then, nature has copied art.

BOOKS

Best Reading

Stern, by Bruce Jay Friedman. This touching, low-key novel about being Jewish in a lawn-proud U.S. suburb artfully blends fact with fantasy, rue with mirth.

Franz Kafka, Parable and Paradox, by Heinz Politzer. The most trenchant study to date of the strange writer in whose nightmarish parables of human alienation 20th century man has found a chilling portrait of himself.

The Conquest of London and The Middle Years, Vols. II and III of Henry James, by Leon Edel. A graceful and massive work (it will run to four volumes) clearly destined to be the definitive biography.

The Cape Cod Lighter, by John O'Hara. America's most celebrated short story writer at work again in his old provincial stamping grounds—small-town New Jersey and Gibbsville, Pa.

The Community of Scholars and Drawing the Line, by Paul Goodman. The U.S. college scene and the U.S. scenario for the cold war are peppered with scorn and assaulted with wit by an uneven and provocative critic.

Renoir, My Father, by Jean Renoir. Fond impressions of life with the great impressionist, by his gifted son.

The Letters of Oscar Wilde, edited by Rupert Hart-Davis. This first complete collection reveals the witty playwright not as the foppish caricature he seemed, but as the sad and profound fellow he was.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. **Fail-Safe**, Burdick and Wheeler (3, last week)
2. **A Shade of Difference**, Drury (1)
3. **Seven Days in May**, Knebel and Bailey (2)
4. **Ship of Fools**, Porter (4)
5. **Genius**, Dennis (6)
6. **\$100 Misunderstanding**, Gower
7. **The Prize**, Wallace (9)
8. **We Have Always Lived in the Castle**, Jackson
9. **Dearly Beloved**, Lindbergh (8)
10. **Where Love Has Gone**, Robbins (5)

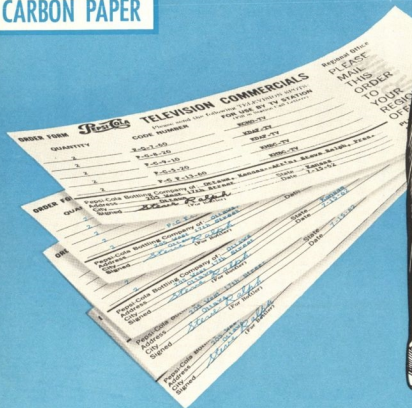
NONFICTION

1. **Travels with Charley**, Steinbeck (2)
2. **Silent Spring**, Carson (1)
3. **O Ye Jigs & Juleps!**, Hudson (3)
4. **Final Verdict**, St. Johns (6)
5. **My Life in Court**, Rizer (4)
6. **The Points of My Compass**, White (8)
7. **Letters from the Earth**, Twain (7)
8. **The Rothschilds**, Morton (5)
9. **The Blue Nile**, Moorehead (9)
10. **The Pyramid Climbers**, Packard

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255. "Unchallenged as the world's master composer!" — Life



455. "This is one record I'd not pass up!" — Hi-Fi Review



260. Gay and effervescent, this one is a real treat



264. "A fascinating experiment to listeners." — Phila. Inq.



281. Five of Bach's mightiest and most popular favorites



266. "Electrifying performance... overwhelming!" — All-Bev.



283. Two of Richard Strauss's most popular tone poems



265. "Fierce impact and momentum." — N.Y. World Telegram



17. Themes from Des Cavy, Dr. Klidder, intermezzo, etc.



456. Bazing performance of these marvelous works



230. "Beethoven's exciting, overpowering." — Wash. Star



40. Just Walking in the Rain, Bewitched, Chances Are, 9 more



450. This recording is "Superb!" — Time Magazine



236-237. Two-Record Set (Counts as Two Selections). "Berenstein caught its grandeur as well as its delicacy." — N.Y. Times



298. Twelve big hits by one of America's hottest singers



14. Sing It Pretty, Son, You Remembered Me; 12 in all



50. "It raves and it swings... a break-through." — Playboy



208. Central Park, Odds Against Tomorrow, Cue #9, etc.



93. My One and Only Love, Wait Till You See Him; 12 in all



70. The Peppermint Twist, Love Is Like A Twist; 12 in all



9. Also: Singin' in the Rain; 12; Teet, Teet; 12; etc.



135. Also: Mood in the Rain; 12; Teet, Teet; 12; etc.



139. Also: Wildcat, West Side Story, No Strings, etc.



51. The Second Time Around, Fascination, Hey There; 9 more



458. Rare interpretive virtuosity (not available in stereo)



44. Also: Lili Marlene, King of Kings, La Strada, etc.



20. Also: Stella by Starlight, How High the Moon, etc.



8. Also: Twelfth of Never, No Love, Come To Me, etc.



56. "Happy, zestful, clean... most captivating." — N.Y. News



56. "Happy, zestful, clean... most captivating." — N.Y. News



20. Also: Stella by Starlight, How High the Moon, etc.



8. Also: Twelfth of Never, No Love, Come To Me, etc.



5. Also: Twelfth of Never, No Love, Come To Me, etc.



128. Love Is A Many Splendored Thing, A Summer Place, etc.



5. Also: Twelfth of Never, No Love, Come To Me, etc.



5. Also: Twelfth of Never, No Love, Come To Me, etc.



5. Also: Twelfth of Never, No Love, Come To Me, etc.



5. Also: Twelfth of Never, No Love, Come To Me, etc.

BOBBY HYDELL'S BIGGEST HITS 21. Also: "Swingin' School," etc. (Not available in stereo)	SI ZENTNER and his Orchestra THE STRIPPER and other big band hits (LIBRARY)	WEST SIDE STORY Original Broadway Cast (COLUMBIA)	George Maharis sings 188. Moon River, My Kind of Girl, Teach Me Tonight, 9 more	STRAVINSKY "The FIREBIRD" COMPLETE BALLET (DECCA)	Always You ROBERT GOULET (MONUMENT)	Beethoven: Symphony No. 3 "EROICA" Philadelphia Orchestra (MONUMENT)	TONY BENNETT I Left My Heart in San Francisco Tender Is the Night See 3 more (MONUMENT)
CLAIR de LUNE A Debussy Piano Recital by PHILIPPE ENTENHENT (MONUMENT)	LEONARD & LOEW Camelot RICHARD BURTON and Original Broadway Cast (MONUMENT)	A DATE WITH THE EASY LISTENING BROTHERS 236. Cathy's Clown, Lucille, A Change of Heart, 12 in all	MERIC MUSIC for Organ, Flute and Percussion E. POWER BIGGS (DECCA)	JOHNNY HORTON'S GREATEST HITS Battle of New Orleans, Look the Hornet, North to Dakota plus 9 more (COLUMBIA)	THE GHAD MITCHELL-TRIO MIGHTY DAY ON CAMPUS (MONUMENT)	DRUMSVILLE! EARL PALMER (LIBRARY)	Music from the "SHARAD" NO STRINGS (MONUMENT)
248. "Bold splashes of color, tremendous warmth."—Hi Fi Rev.	91. "Most lavish and beautiful musical, a triumph."—Kilgallen	248. Includes catchy trumpet tunes, airs, marches, etc.	297. Also: Comanche, Johnny Reb, The Mansion You Stole, etc.	402. "A rousing performance...vivid and vigor."—Billboard	405. Tees Beat, One Mint Julep, Raunchy, What'd I Say, etc.	404. "A beautiful album...lovely, lovely style."—Billboard	
Sentimental Serenade ERRY MURRAY's Fabulous HARMONICATS (COLUMBIA)	HANDEL: MESSIAH LEONARD BERNSTEIN N.Y. PHILHARMONIC (COLUMBIA)		of the litium room + ben oo Casey VAL JEAN all the greater delights (COLUMBIA)	HER HARRISON JULIE ANDREWS THE LADY Stripes Up the Band, Cabaret, Sugar, Seventy Six Trombones (COLUMBIA)	CHOPIN: The 14 Waltzes Brailowsky (MONUMENT)	MEET CLAUDE KING Wolverton Mountain Little Witty Heart, I've Composed 9 More (MONUMENT)	
23. Ebb Tide, Who's Sorry Now? September Song, 12 in all	291-292. Two-Record Set (Counts As Two Selections.) "Intensely expressive...imbued with controlled fervor."—High Fid.	400. Also: Dr. Lillard, Bonanza, Gunsmoke, 12 in all	93. The best-selling Original Cast recording of all time	54. Stars & Stripes Forever, Washington Post March, etc.	284. Mr. Brailowsky is "a part of the piano."—N.Y. Times	162. Also: I'm Just Here To Get My Baby Out of Jail, etc.	
BOATHS PIANO CONCERTO No. 1 SEPKIN GMAWNET Philadelpha Orchestra (MONUMENT)	SOUTH PACIFIC MARTIN PANZA (MONUMENT)		LOD'S PRAYER WORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR (MONUMENT)	MILES DAVIS "ROUND ABOUT MIDNIGHT" (MONUMENT)	The Ventures WALK DON'T RUN Raunchy Night Train C & W (DOLBY)	Giant Songs CARNIVAL OF ANIMALS (MONUMENT)	
278. "Something no color-themed band can do."—Washington Star	95. Complete score of the Rodgers and Hammerstein hit	40. Also: Gunfight at O.K. Corral, Rawhide, etc.	103. "It's 'Hoosier for Jess James!'"—N.Y. Journal-Amer.	258. This is "an excellent, lively, and...New York Times	129. Also: Home, My Own True Love, Moon-De-Lia, etc.	259. Also: Britten's Young Person's Guide To the Orchestra	
Bobby Vinton sings ROSES are RED and other songs for the young and sentimental	The Chipmunk Songbook	FRANKE LAINE BELL BELL High Noon, Wild Swans, More Than 3 more (MONUMENT)	ROSE MCKINLEY in ORBIT (MONUMENT)	LOD'S PRAYER WORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR (MONUMENT)	129. Also: Home, My Own True Love, Moon-De-Lia, etc.	259. Also: Britten's Young Person's Guide To the Orchestra	
173. Crying, I Can't Help It, True Love, Mr. Lonely, 8 more	132. The Band Played On, A Bicycle Built For Two, 12 more	252. "Performances that really sparkle and glow."—High Fid.	65. Includes: She'll Have to Go, Someday, Four Walls, 9 more	144. "Hackett's cornet playing is just lovely!"—S.F. Chron.	100. "Superb...all the beauty & nobility captured."—HiFi Rev.	241. "Two of the greatest singers."—N.Y. Herald Trib.	215. "Wallpapering ensembles and stirring solos!"—High Fid.
BEETHOVEN "Eggs" Concertos RUDOLF SERKIN BERNSTEIN N.Y. Philharmonic (MONUMENT)	JIMMY DEAN BIG BAD JOHN and other fabulous songs (MONUMENT)	AHMAD JAMAL HAPPY MOODS (ALAMO)	For Songs of the Land FLATT & SCRUGGS (MONUMENT)	DELL conducts WAGNER Tristan and Isolde, Die Meistersinger, Tannhauser THE CLEVELAND ORCHE. (MONUMENT)	GREAT SONGS OF LOVE AND FAITH MAHALIA JACKSON (COLUMBIA)	AL CAIOLA ALSO SONGS OF LOVE Guitar Hits That Sold A Million (MONUMENT)	SHOW BOAT starring JOHN RAFTY (MONUMENT)
232. Most exciting and thrilling of all Beethoven concertos	195. Oklahoma Bill, Wake the Water-wheel Boil, 10 in all	223. "Delightful...playable, wit, superb timing."—Squire	57. Nine Pound Hammer, Near the Wind Blow, 12 in all	273. The most passionate love music ever composed	65. Trees, Because, Danny Boy, My Task, My Friend, 7 more	170. Vaya Con Dios, Jerez, Guit of Narien, 12 in all	65. Starring William Warfield, Barbara Cook, Barbara Cook
Gunslinger Ballads MARTY ROBBINS El Paso, Big Iron, Gun Walk (MONUMENT)	100 lbs. of Clay! Gene McDaniels (LIBRARY)	ALFRED DRAKE KISMET Original Broadway Cast (COLUMBIA)	GRAND CANYON SUITE PHILADELPHIA ORCHE. SYMPHONY (MONUMENT)	The Versatile HENRY MANCINI It's Now or Never, April Again (MONUMENT)	Norman Luboff Choir MOMENTS TO REMEMBER It's Now or Never, April Again (MONUMENT)	GOSSIP The Swinging Sounds of BILL DOUGETT and his combo Paper Doll, The Brass and I plus 9 more (MONUMENT)	GOSSIP The Swinging Sounds of BILL DOUGETT and his combo Paper Doll, The Brass and I plus 9 more (MONUMENT)
151. Also: Billy the Kid, In the Valley, Strawberry Rean, etc.	481. It's All in the Game, Tili There Was You, Cry, 9 more	94. Stronger in Paradise and This Is My Beloved, etc.	286. "A top-notch performance."—Amer. Record Guide	199. The Breeze and Love, Lagoon, 12 in all	155. Also: Taking a Chance on Love, Flamingo, Ampala, etc.	200. Honky Tonk (Part I & II), Dead I Be, Buster, etc.	
RAVEL: Boleros... La Valse (MONUMENT)	BILLY BUTTERFIELD THE GOLDEN HOUR You Won't Be Love the Starbird (MONUMENT)	FLAMENCO PURO SABICAS (MONUMENT)	QUIET VILLAGE The Exotic Sounds of MARTIN DOWDY (MONUMENT)	ANDRE PREVIN LIKE LOVE Love Me at Levels He Loves Me to Stay plus 10 more (MONUMENT)	FLOWER DRUM SONG Original Broadway Cast (MONUMENT)	RACHMANINOFF Piano Concerto No. 2 BERNSTEIN-ENTENHENT (MONUMENT)	I Have But One Heart JERRY VALLS GREAT GREAT ITALIAN LOVE SONGS (MONUMENT)
294. "Exciting...compelling."—New York Herald Tribune	190. Also: Pretend, And the Angels Sing, Cherry Pink, etc.	285. "Performance...Superb. Recording: Excellent."—HiFi Rev.	145. Happy Talk, My Little Grass Shack Cha Cha Cha, etc.	46. Also: Like Someone in Love, When I Fall in Love, etc.	102. Complete score of "another R&H winner!"—Newsweek	251. "Richness of the harmonies...gorgeous."—Hi Fi Rev.	403. Mama, Come Back To Sorrento, O Sole Mio, 12 in all



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LETTERS

Man of the Year

Sir:

I would like to nominate Mr. Khrushchev as Man of the Year for the role he played in the Cuban crisis.

RUTH CRAWFORD

Aldan, Pa.

Sir:

Nikita Khrushchev, to whose realistic appraisal of the totality of thermonuclear warfare and respect for human life you and I, as well as a billion others in the northern hemisphere, owe an expression of gratitude that we are still alive.

HUGH J. GILMARTIN

Denver

Sir:

Adlai E. Stevenson. His actions during the past two months as well as for the entire year have shown him to be a man of highest worth and of extreme good judgment, whose purpose is the vindication of that ideal so sacred to the American cause—world peace.

JOHN R. GINGLES, '65

University of Wyoming
Laramie, Wyo.

Sir:

I nominate as co-recipients Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt and Mr. Adlai Stevenson, since each of them has been something of a rarity in a world in which Mao Tse-tung and Billie Sol Estes are beginning to seem almost too ordinary.

JOHN G. BENNETT

Austin, Texas

Sir:

The most silent but most dangerous man of 1962 remains Mao Tse-tung. His Red Dragon is spreading its menace all over Asia.

KANWAL B. SINGH

New Delhi

Sir:

Pope John XXIII. He even appeals to the Protestants.

MRS. HAROLD HOFSTAD

Warren, Minn.

Sir:

Konrad Adenauer, for his excellent leadership qualities. Germany will lose a great man when he retires in about a year.

LARRY S. RASKIN

Buffalo

Sir:

Charles de Gaulle. The Presidency of the U.S. is a truly chivalric job compared with running the chaotic political patchwork known as the French government. Successful execution of this formidable feat has rightly earned for De Gaulle a stature far above the various clowns, clods and posturing windbags whose incompetence as heads of state has served to keep the world in constant crisis since World War II.

DALE TAPP

Seguin, Texas

Sir:

In view of the fact that it is highly unlikely that your cherished accolade is to be bestowed upon President Kennedy for a second year in succession (although he did nothing to earn it last year), I would like to suggest for Man of the Year, President Ngo Dinh Diem of South Viet Nam. He is one of the few world leaders to be sincere and determined in the struggle against creeping and malignant Communism.

ROGER MORRIS

London

Sir:

Kennedy—with his Cuban action—halted the cold war with the Soviet Union, but only after he was backed into a corner and he and his advisers decided they had no choice. Fortunately, his action proved that Russia is afraid to start or permit an atomic war. Therefore, since Kennedy actually made the decision that now relieves a great amount of tension for the people of the United States and others over the world, I feel his action deserves the award.

L. L. GOODMAN

Indianapolis

The Packers

Sir:

Many kind thanks for your splendid article on Vince Lombardi and the Green Bay Packers [Dec. 21].

As a home-town Green Bay boy now transplanted, I have told the marvelous story of the Packers many times, and I thank you for your wonderful article it now is told for all.

There is something very basic to America's freedom and opportunity in the fact that a small town such as Green Bay and a team with such humble beginnings could rise to national prominence.

DEAN M. STRID

Chicago

Dancing

Sir:

You misinterpreted the charming picture of President Kennedy and his two children in his office at the White House [Nov. 30]. They are not merely "romping," nor is "Daddy applauding their antics from the sidelines." The two children are definitely dancing, and the President is just as definitely beating time for them, not "applauding."

SIGMUND SPAETH
Editor

Music Journal
New York City

Ellender in Africa

Sir:

It will take all the American teachers in Africa many months to erase the scars left by Senator Ellender's thoughtless remarks during his recent African junket [Dec. 14].

MILES S. PENDLETON JR.

Ghana Secondary School
Koforidua, Ghana

Sir:

No one, of course, is supposed to go into a home and insult the homemaker; on the other hand, a more truthful statement was never made.

There is a great deal of difference between the U.S. and Africa in civilization and education, a fact not yet recognized in Washington.

L. T. LEWIS

Dallas

Sir:

You quote Senator Ellender as saying that Booker T. Washington had a white mother.

In the interest of truth, let it be said that Booker himself said that his mother was black, that he never knew his father, who never displayed any interest in him, but believed that his father was a white employee on a neighboring plantation.

CHARLES R. STARK

Kent, Wash.

Mansion Builder

Sir:

In the Nov. 23 TIME, you referred to Le Grand Lockwood, builder and original owner of the mansion at Norwalk, Conn., as a "Civil War profiteer."

Upon the death of her husband, Mrs. Lockwood received, among many tributes, a resolution from the New York Stock Exchange stating there would be no session the day of his funeral. Mr. B. Ogden White, secretary of the exchange, described Mr. Lockwood as one who, for a quarter of a century, has been prominently identified with its history and who, by "unfaltering integrity, enterprise and tireless energy, had won for himself a name inferior to none."

It is a matter of great concern to all that TIME, in all fairness, remove the stigma of "Civil War profiteer" from the reputation of a fine and honorable man.

MRS. LE GRAND LOCKWOOD REDFIELD
New York City

Creativity

Sir:

Having just read Education [Dec. 14], I am forced to ask Dr. Hudson a question: Is, in his opinion, a good scientist required to be creative? Anyone who has studied the many uses to which scientific principles have been applied, or even scientific methods of discovery and proof, would answer that science and engineering do require a great deal of creativity. Would Dr. Hudson say that Niels Bohr, who understood the interior of the atom so well, even though he could not see it, was an uncreative person?

FRANK CARSEY

New Mexico Institute
of Mining and Technology
Socorro, N. Mex.

Sir:

Why is Psychologist Hudson so surprised at his results with the Getzels-Jackson test?

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Just as science majors have a lot of practice giving "right" answers, English majors have had to write plenty of themes and stories. The lack of interest of the English student in measuring out a given amount of water with jugs of the wrong sizes is matched by the science student's unconcern with the rationalizations of frustrated foxes. Neither boredom proves very much about either reasoning ability or imagination. The psychologist who thinks he has a test to separate ability and creativity from interest, practice and environment is kidding himself—somebody else.

R. STRESAU

Spooner, Wis.

Home-Town Product

Sir:

While I don't mind the Harvard Crimson's bubbling over in its own "characteristic spontaneity" as it invigorated New York with 10,000 copies during the newspaper strike [Dec. 21], it was a bit annoying to see our own efforts at the Columbia Daily Spectator completely ignored.

Without too much fanfare, we printed 20,000 copies daily, starting two days after the strike began.

While the Harvard class of 1940 seems to have established a monopoly in Washington, the answer to "Who Owns New York?" is still largely the same as it has been over the years.

LORON GOPSTEIN

Managing Editor

Columbia Spectator
Columbia University
New York City

It Figures

Sir:

I would like to call your attention to an error in your story on the automotive market [Dec. 7]. You reported General Motors Chairman Frederic G. Donner as saying, "Cars are being scrapped in the U.S. at a rate of more than 4,000,000 a year, vs. 3,700,000 in the early '50s."

Mr. Donner's statement actually said, "Cars are currently being scrapped at the rate of 5,200,000 a year."

ANTHONY DE LORENZO

Vice President

General Motors Corp.

New York City

A Happy Man

Sir:

I am 84 years old, have perfect health, a darling new wife (aged 80), and I have a new book that is going all over the world. Half a dozen old books are being reprinted, and Disney is doing one of them for the children of the world. Tell your sprightly reviewer [Dec. 14] he may have all the fun he pleases with me.

UPTON SINCLAIR

Monrovia, Calif.

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Bernard M. Auer

IN the last week of the year, in the interval between the Christmas swirl and the New Year's resolves, comes the week of finishing up and summing up: inventory time. We are addicted to the habit too. One Time institution at this season is the year-end business review. We try to make it more than a review, a fresh assembling of facts and seeking of opinions. Our aim is to provide in one article both a brief summary of the recent past with an indication of what is to come. For this week's survey, our reporters in the field filled 250,000 words. Researcher Piri Halasz, who covered the "head office town" of New York, interviewed 15 top executives and economists. Her report to Writer Marshall Loeb and Business Editor Robert Christopher totaled 50 pages. In Cleveland, Chicago, Boston, San Francisco, Detroit, Los Angeles, Pittsburgh, Atlanta and Washington, correspondents talked to some 35 chairmen and presidents, as many vice presidents, as well as investment bankers and economists (among economists we seek to strike a balance between university, government and corporate economists, since each has his special interests and insights). Few of the men who contributed their ideas on the economy are directly quoted, but their consensus is reflected. Those interviewed form an impressive roster of U.S. business:

Among bankers, Chase Manhattan President David Rockefeller, Bank of America Vice Chairman Rudolph Peterson, Chicago First National's President Herbert Prochnow, Atlanta First National's Chairman James Robinson.

Among industrialists, such company chairmen as Frederic Donner (General Motors), Roger Blough (U.S. Steel), Joseph Block (Inland Steel), Carter Burgess (American Machine & Foundry), Charles Percy (Bell & Howell), such presidents as Edgar Kaiser (Kaiser Industries), J. Paul Austin (Coca-Cola), Thomas Jones (Northrop), Among investment bankers, Armand Ernst and Sidney Weinberg,

Among economists, Walter Heller (President Kennedy's chief economic adviser), Paul Samuelson of M.I.T., Beryl Sprinkel of Harris Trust, Theodore Andersen of U.C.L.A., J. Carvel Lange of New York.

The most significant moral to be drawn from 1962's business year was the impact of overseas business upon the U.S., and the increasing U.S. involvement abroad. To round out this part of the story, our Common Market Correspondent Jason McManus interviewed several dozen bankers, industrialists and economists in Europe, as well as that new breed of technician, the Eurocrats. For the past 6 months we have been presenting two business sections each week—U.S. and World Business. Since the theme of this story is how the two areas became interwoven in 1962, it is appropriate that in our year-end review we put the two sections back together again, just for the week.

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THE NATION

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Beyond Skybolt

The sessions began in a dismal political climate. At issue between President Kennedy and Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, meeting in Nassau last week, were questions that went to the nature not only of Anglo-American amity but also of the entire Western alliance. But as the talks broke up at week's end, the sun was peeking through the clouds.

In specific dispute between Kennedy and Macmillan was the all-but-final U.S. decision to scrap the Skybolt missile project (TIME, Dec. 21). The U.S. had promised to supply Britain with at least 100 Skybolts, and the British, with no long-range missile capability of their own, had built many of their defense plans around the bomber-launched weapon.

Even before the U.S. decision hit them, the British were feeling fretful. The U.S. had taken action in the recent Cuba crisis without even going through the motions of consulting Macmillan in advance; this brought home to Britons the painful fact that the U.S. no longer treats Britain in keeping with that "special relationship" brought to such heights by Winston Churchill. The sparks of anger over Skybolt therefore fell upon tinder of shredded pride and splintered pretensions. In the House of Commons, a Tory member thundered that "the British people are tired of being pushed around." U.S.-British relations, rumbled the Paris financial daily, Information, "are today in a state of complete crisis." Cried the Daily Herald, summing up U.S. treatment of Britain: "Suez to Skybolt, it has been a pretty rotten road."

Foredoomed Hope. For Macmillan, already beset by grave political and economic difficulties at home (see THE WORLD), the Skybolt decision threatened disaster. He had built his foreign policy around the idea that his nation's "special relationship" with the U.S. gave Britain influence in world affairs out of all proportion to its military and economic power. Before boarding a plane for the Bahamas, Macmillan managed a jaunty smile and cheerful words. "I have no doubt," he said, "that

we shall find our way through our difficulties in the spirit of agreement we have always had with the American people." But in the background was a grim awareness that his political survival might depend on bringing some sort of trophy back from Nassau.

Macmillan got to Nassau first, was waiting at the airport to greet Kennedy when the President arrived. During the airport ceremonies, the Nassau police band struck up an old English song, *Early One Morning*, the words of which run:

*Oh, don't deceive me,
Oh, never leave me,
How could you use
A poor maiden so?*

If Macmillan cherished any idea that Kennedy would relent on Skybolt, that hope was foredoomed. Kennedy had been convinced by U.S. Defense Secretary Robert McNamara that Skybolt was not worth the money or effort. The U.S. team

at Nassau therefore tried to downplay Skybolt's significance to the conference. The talks, said U.S. spokesmen, would cover a wide range of topics—NATO, the Common Market, Russia, the Chinese invasion of India, and especially the Congo. This ploy grated on the British. Cried an indignant British newsmen: "They couldn't care less about Skybolt! All they want to talk about is the Congo!" But what they did, in fact, was talk about Skybolt.

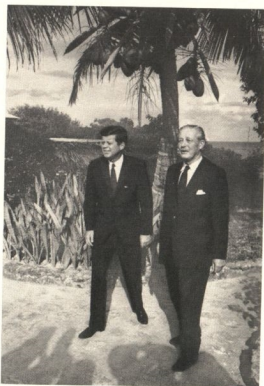
Harsh Fact. Throughout the sessions, both sides maintained almost leakproof security, issuing only a few brief, bland announcements. Relying upon imagination, British correspondents kept reporting that behind the closed doors Macmillan was adamantly insisting that the U.S. carry on with Skybolt. But it gradually became clear that it was Kennedy who was being adamant. After many hours of discussion, Macmillan and Defense Minister

Peter Thorneycroft came to accept the alternative that Kennedy offered: instead of Skybolt, the U.S. would supply Britain with Polaris, a seasoned, already operational missile with a range—1,800 miles—nearly twice what had been planned for Skybolt.

That agreement gave Macmillan his needed trophy to take back home, but it will not really provide Britain with the independent nuclear deterrent that Skybolt was supposed to have provided. Polaris is designed to be fired from submarines; Britain does not have, and will not have for years to come, any submarines capable of firing the missile, and cannot afford to build very many of them.

The harsh fact of the matter is that Britain cannot really afford any kind of independent long-range missile force, whether launched from sea, land or sky—and neither can any other single nation in Western Europe. The U.S.'s long-range hope and goal is a united Western Europe that is big enough and rich enough to be a third superpower.

Shield & Sword. The Kennedy-Macmillan agreement fitted into that grand design. Eventually, the understanding ran, Britain's Polaris forces will be incorporated into a supranational NATO nuclear force. The U.S., said the final



UNDER NASSAU'S COCONUT PALMS
Was the poor maid deceived?

JIM WADAN



BRITISH CARTOONIST'S VIEW
From Suez to Skybolt.

communiqué, would provide "at least equal" Polaris missiles and submarines "for inclusion in a NATO multilateral nuclear force." Also, both countries committed themselves to assign to NATO "some part of the forces already in existence," including British bombers and U.S. tactical nuclear weapons. U.S. officials announced that President Kennedy had offered France's President Charles de Gaulle Polaris missiles on the same terms that Macmillan agreed to—the missiles and submarines would eventually come under NATO control.

In Plain Terms. "The President and the Prime Minister," said the communiqué, "agreed that in addition to having a nuclear shield it is important to have a non-nuclear sword. For this purpose they agreed on the importance of increasing the effectiveness of their conventional forces on a worldwide basis." This provision was in keeping with a basic strategic goal of the Kennedy Administration. The U.S. wants the nations of Western Europe to abandon the idea of independent national nuclear forces, and instead build up conventional military forces to balance Russia's armies. National nuclear forces, the U.S. argues, will at best be too small to add any meaningful increment of deterrence to the U.S.'s massive nuclear power, will only increase the likelihood of nuclear war.

In the current issue of *Foreign Affairs*,

Dean Acheson, Secretary of State under Harry Truman and now a foreign-policy adviser to the New Frontier, argues that, in concert, the nations of Western Europe could defend themselves by conventional weapons alone against a non-nuclear Russian attack, and that a nuclear buildup in Europe constitutes "a tragic misuse of resources."

In a TV interview summing up the first two years of his Administration, President Kennedy early last week stated the case in plain terms: "We don't want six or seven nuclear powers in Europe diverting their funds to nuclear power when the U.S. has got this tremendous arsenal." And the President bluntly voiced his growing impatience with British and European bellyaching about U.S. contributions to the common defense. "We are doing our part," he said. "We have our troops in Western Europe, we have six divisions, which is about a fourth of all the divisions on the Western front. They are the best equipped. They can fight tomorrow, which is not true of most of the other units . . . So the United States is more than doing its part. We hope Western Europe will make a greater effort on its own, both in developing conventional forces and in assistance to the underdeveloped world." That seemed little enough to ask.

Look Folks, No Hands

To hear the Kennedy Administration tell it, it was all out of the goodness of the American citizens' heart. Except for the sentimental support of such as Jack and Bobby Kennedy, the U.S. Government was playing no part whatever in the deal to pay ransom to Cuba's Fidel Castro. That, at least, was the claim—but the fact was much stranger than the fiction. ▶ Hour after hour and day after day last week, planeloads, truckloads and trainloads of goods poured into Florida for shipment to Cuba. The stuff—much of it handled by U.S. Air Force men called into stevedore service—consisted mostly of baby foods, drugs, hospital and medical equipment, ranging from Ex-Lax to tons of tranquilizer pills (1,288 Millions=1 lb.).

Agreement. All this was part of the \$53 million tribute that the U.S. was prepared to turn over to Castro for the return of the 1,113 Cubans who were captured in April 1961 during the disastrous Bay of Pigs invasion. Toward last week's end, New York Attorney James B. Donovan—who had been coordinating his negotiations for the prisoners' release with Bobby Kennedy—announced that he had finally gotten the unpredictable dictator at long last to sign an agreement. The terms: a freighter, carrying a cargo of drugs, would sail for Havana; the Bay of Pigs prisoners would be shuttled back aboard four jetliners to U.S. soil before Christmas. In Florida, where thousands of wives and children waited, smiles flickered on faces long drawn by dread.

In a humanitarian sense, the return of the prisoners could be only a cause for rejoicing. As for President Kennedy, he feels a moral obligation to the prison-

ers; he made the decision that sent them to the Bay of Pigs; he also denied them the air cover that might have given them a chance. But there remained even more basic problems of principle. Should the U.S. pay ransom to sustain Castro's Communist regime? And if so, should it be done with such look-folks-no-hands clandestineness?

President Kennedy has publicly insisted that the U.S. Government was playing no official part in arranging for the ransom to Castro. "This," he said, "is being done by a private committee." What really happened was that representatives of the Justice Department all but ordered drug and chemical companies to kick in with "donations" of their products. Transport companies—railroads, trucks, airlines and shipping firms—were similarly told to "donate" their services. Naturally enough, all did.

Where Charity Begins. As against the implicit fear of Government reprisal for failure to cooperate, there was the implicit hope of tax goodies for going along. Although the specific tax adjustments had not been worked out, it appeared that the drug, chemical and food companies who contributed to Castro would be able to write off \$25 million (at retail, not wholesale, prices) of the \$53 million ransom as "charitable" deductions. Charitable it certainly was—but of the sort that might becloud the brow of the ordinary U.S. taxpayer, worried as he is by Administration threats to make him show receipts for every dime he hands out for charity.

Drug company officials were understandably reluctant to let their names be used with comment about their coerced tribute to Castro. Said one, looking owlish when asked if Bobby Kennedy and the Justice Department had clobbered him into cooperation: "I do not care to comment." Said another: "You're bastards if you're in on the deal and you're bastards if you're not—so why not?"



LOADING RANSOM DRUGS FOR CUBA
From Ex-Lax to tranquilizers.

THE CONGRESS

By the Rules

The people elect the House. But the House elects the all-important Rules Committee. And last week, as old opponents began to dust off their parliamentary weapons, it seemed certain that the 88th Congress would begin the same way the 87th did—with a battle royal over the makeup of the Rules Committee.

On coming to power in 1961, the Kennedy Administration made changing the Rules Committee its first order of legislative business. The twelve-man committee

had been split evenly between liberals and conservatives, and under the chairmanship of Virginia's conservative Democratic Representative Howard Smith, Rules had often kept liberal legislation from reaching the House floor.

The Administration therefore tried to increase the committee membership to 15 by adding three Congressmen, including two who would support the New Frontier legislative program. The House approved the plan by a vote of 217 to 212, but only after a savage battle in which the great influence of then-Speaker Sam Rayburn was the deciding factor.

Now, since the rules of one House do not carry over to the next, the whole fight must be waged again when Congress convenes next month. And, although liberal forces already are claiming victory, the outcome is in considerable doubt.

For one thing, Speaker John McCormack has neither the House influence nor the enthusiasm for the expanded Rules Committee that Rayburn had. For another, this year's elections saw Republicans pick up two seats. And although some liberals argued that they had really increased their strength, President Kennedy, for one, knew better. Said he on television

FROM THE ROCKING CHAIR

WITH wooden blocks placed under his rocking chair to keep him from jouncing off-camera, President Kennedy faced the U.S. on television. Each of the major networks had asked time for a review of his years in office. Kennedy himself had suggested that newsmen from all three networks meet him in a single session—an updated, visual version of F.D.R.'s folksy fireside chats. The taped interview lasted one hour and 35 minutes, was edited to an hour-long show by the networks. The questions asked him were kindly. Some of Kennedy's views were debatable; he seemed to think, for example, that the great danger during the steel crisis was that he might fail to work his will. No momentous news was made, but the session served to show the President at his informal, confident best. Excerpts:

On the Presidency: "I would say that the problems are more difficult than I had imagined them to be. The responsibilities placed on the United States are greater than I imagined them to be, and there are greater limitations upon our ability to bring about a favorable result than I had imagined them to be. It is much easier to make the speeches than it is to finally make the judgments."

On the Congress: "I think the Congress looks more powerful sitting here than it did when I was there in the Congress. But that is because when you are in Congress you are one of a hundred in the Senate or one of 435 in the House, so that the power is so divided. But from here I look at a Congress, and I look at the collective power of the Congress, particularly the bloc action, and it is a substantial power."

On Sending Troops to Ole Miss: "I don't think that anybody who looks at the situation can think we could possibly do anything else. I recognize that it has caused a lot of bitterness against me and against the national Government in Mississippi and other parts."

On the Steel Crisis: "Now, supposing we had tried and made a speech about it and then failed. I would have thought that would have been an awful setback to the office of the presidency. Now, I just think, looking back on it, that I would not change it at all. There is no sense in raising hell and then not being successful. There is no sense in putting the office of the presidency on the line on an issue and then being defeated."

On the Bay of Pigs: "The advice of those who were brought in on the Executive Branch was unanimous, and the advice was wrong. And I was responsible."

On Cuba, 1962: "If we had had to act on Wednesday in the first 24 hours, I don't think probably we would have chosen, as prudently as we finally did, a quarantine against the use of offensive weapons. In addition, that had much more power than we first thought it did, because I think the Soviet Union was very reluctant to have us stop ships which carried with them a good deal of their highly secret and sensitive material. One of the reasons I think that the Soviet Union withdrew the IL-28s was because we were



KENNEDY & INTERVIEWERS

carrying on very intensive low-level photography. Now, no one would have guessed, probably, that that would have been such a harassment."

On the Cold War: "The real problem is the Soviet desire to expand their power and influence. If Mr. Khrushchev would concern himself with the real interests of the people of the Soviet Union, that they have a higher standard of living, to protect his own security, there is no real reason why the United States and the Soviet Union should not be able to live in peace."

On Anti-Missile Missiles: "He [Khrushchev] might hit a fly, but whether he could hit a thousand flies with decoys—you see, every missile that comes might have four or five missiles in it, or would appear to be missiles, and the radar screen has to pick those out and hit them going thousands of miles an hour. You can hit one. What you are trying to do is shoot a bullet with a bullet. Now, if you have a thousand bullets coming at you, that is a terribly difficult task which we have not mastered yet, and I don't think he has. The offense has the advantage . . . When that day comes, and there is a massive exchange, then that is the end, because you are talking about Western Europe, the Soviet Union, the United States, of 150 million fatalities in the first 18 hours."

On the U.S.: "I must say that I have a good deal of hope for the United States. Just because I think that this country, which as I say criticizes itself and is criticized around the world, 180 million people, for 17 years, really for more than that, for almost 20 years, have been the great means of defending first the world against the Nazi threat, and since then against the Communist threat, and if it were not for us, the Communists would be dominant in the world today, and because of us, we are in a strong position. Now, I think that is a pretty good record for a country with 6% of the world's population, which is very reluctant to take on these burdens. I think we ought to be rather pleased with ourselves this Christmas."

last week: "We are not in quite as good shape as we were for the last two years."

Kennedy left no doubt about the importance he places on the Rules Committee battle. "I hope that the Rules Committee is kept to its present number," he said, "because we can't function if it isn't. We are through if we lose—if they try to change the rules. Nothing controversial in that case would come to the floor of the Congress. Our whole program in my opinion would be emasculated."

Which is pretty much what Judge Smith had in mind, and he was not backing down an inch. "The Rules Committee issue," he said, "is not negotiable."

THE ADMINISTRATION

"An Abuse of Power"

As a Belgian official in the Congo, Michel Struelens years ago became friendly with Katanga's Moïse Tshombe. In October of 1960, he came to the U.S. as chief of the Katanga Information Service. A charming chap, he got along nicely with the U.S. State Department, which issued him a temporary visa. Struelens, now 34, set up shop on Manhattan's Fifth Avenue, settled down to promote Tshombe's cause indefinitely.

The State Department felt so friendly toward Struelens that in August 1961 it asked him to take a trip to Katanga to explain U.S. views to Tshombe. He did. But a month later, the U.S. backed the move of United Nations forces against Tshombe's Katanga in support of the central Congo government. Around U.N. lounges, at luncheon clubs, in mailings to Congressmen, Struelens protested the U.N. action, spread stories about U.N. atrocities in Katanga. Then, all of a sudden, the State Department canceled Struelens' visa.

Belated Discovery. Officially, the department cited a technicality: it had just discovered that the visa it had issued Struelens did not permit him to serve as a foreign agent in the U.S. Actually, Struelens had registered as such an agent when he first arrived. State hinted at deportation, then said he could stay until August of 1962, when the visa normally would have expired—but it was obvious he would not get a new one.

Struelens registered for permanent resident status as an immigrant. The Justice Department rejected his application in December on the basis of a curt note from Dean Rusk to Attorney General Robert Kennedy: "In my judgment, considerations of the foreign policy of the U.S. indicate that the exercise of discretion in favor of Mr. Struelens in the present case is not warranted." Out of 19,500 such applications last year, Justice turned down only 1,200. At a deportation hearing last week before an Immigration and Naturalization official, the only government evidence was the Rusk letter. By various appeals, Struelens may be able to delay deportation for months.

Too Effective. "Really, they must hate me—just hate me," says Struelens about the State Department. "And why? Is it because I've been too effective as spokes-

man for Katanga?" Privately, State Department officials leave little doubt that Struelens is right on both counts. "He is the personification of everything that is bad in lobbyists," complains one State official. But the same spokesman adds: "He's a very clever man—I wish he worked for us."

Some, however, think State is going too far. When Struelens' visa was first canceled, the American Civil Liberties Union protested: "The State Department faces the charge of censorship. In our democratic country, which depends so much on an informed public opinion, all channels of communication must be kept open." Connecticut's Democratic Senator Thomas J. Dodd led a congressional investigation of the Struelens case. Last week his committee released a 568-page report which concluded that Struelens'



FOREIGN AGENT STRUELENS
"Really, they hate me."

treatment "constituted a glaring abuse of the visa power and a performance unworthy of the government of a great nation dedicated to the principles of freedom and justice."

To the report, New York's Republican Senator Kenneth Keating added a biting statement of his own. He called the State Department action "confused, careless and unfair," and declared: "It is in marked contrast to the willingness of the State Department to allow known terrorists and Communists unhampered entry into the U.S."

DEFENSE

200 on Target

The Strategic Air Command last week took control of a new squadron of twelve Atlas missiles at Plattsburgh Air Force Base in upstate New York—bringing to 200 the total of U.S. combat-ready inter-

continental ballistic missiles. The nuclear-tipped arsenal includes 126 liquid-fueled Atlases; 54 Titans, a bigger and heavier liquid-fueled missile; and 20 quick-firing, solid-fueled Minutemen. Each has a range of 6,000 miles or more, and each is zeroed in on an assigned target in the Soviet Union. The present total is at least twice the estimated strength of the Russian missile force. The longer-term U.S. aim: upwards of 1,000 ICBMs.

New Fail-Safe

If an atomic attack is launched against the U.S., the U.S. will not necessarily unleash all of its thermonuclear power in return. The Kennedy Administration contends that power could be used selectively "so that there will be a way to stop a war before all of the destruction of which both sides are capable has been wrought." One byproduct of this theory is that it should ease the deep U.S. dread—as demonstrated by the bestselling success of the novel *Fail-Safe*—that such a war could start by mistake.

The Administration's design requires that top U.S. Government and military commanders survive an atomic attack, and that they maintain absolute control over their weapons systems. Under past plans, neither condition has been met. Says one Pentagon arms-control expert: "Our setup was actually designed to act in time of general war like a chicken with its head cut off. The brain could be destroyed and the nervous system severed. Then the military muscles would just jerk in uncontrolled spasms."

To hold the chicken together, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara has spent several hundred million dollars toward a taut new National Military Command System. It should keep a nervous G.I. in Europe from firing his atomic bazooka in the dark of night, or prevent a B-52 crew from striking Russia because of a communications breakdown. Much of NMCS, as Pentagonians discreetly call the system, is secret. But its major elements include:

- ▶ A new seaborne top-command center in the heavy cruiser *Northampton*, from which the President and his aides could direct a war. Its 60 transmitters and 150 receivers can handle some 3,000 messages daily by voice, Teletype or code to and from U.S. military units anywhere in the world.
- ▶ Conversion of three KC-135 turbojet tanker aircraft, stationed at Andrews Air Force Base near Washington, to provide similar command centers aloft.
- ▶ Conversion of 20 more KC-135s and four B-47s to build up the Strategic Air Command's own force of airborne command centers. Since last February, SAC has kept one of three such centers constantly in the air.
- ▶ Creation, for the first time, of an extensive, overall command center in the Pentagon. Previously, each service monitored its own activities from its own command center, fed information to the Joint Chiefs of Staff.
- ▶ Completion of an undisclosed number of underground replicas of the Pentagon

command center near Washington, each protected against missile destruction.

► Transfer of all wire communications of each service to a single agency responsible directly to McNamara.

► Tougher screening of the men who man nuclear weapons. They now may be banned for "overindulgence in alcohol," "financial or family irresponsibility," unspecified "behavioral changes," any social maladjustment.

► Tightened physical restraints to prevent unauthorized use of nuclear weapons. These range from the use of old-fashioned hand-crank generators to set off anti-aircraft missiles—just to introduce another man into the launch sequence—to requirements that two officers turn keys within $2\frac{1}{2}$ seconds of each other before an ICBM can be triggered. Most important is a complex and highly secret new system of remote-control electronic locks that must be opened by responsible officers to fire even tactical Army weapons.

TRANSPORTATION

Megalopolan

Transportation experts have a mouthful of a phrase to describe the area between Washington and Boston. It is the "Northeastern Megalopolitan Corridor," and it implies just what "megalo" means in medicine: an abnormal enlargement. Not too many years hence, the metropolitan centers of Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston will have crept so near each other that they will be one huge, headachy city. These urban areas already comprise better than 20% of the nation's population, account for almost 30% of U.S. manufacturing, 20% of its retail trade and 27% of the federal income tax take—and make for a horrible, continuing traffic jam.

When that great mega-megalopolitan day comes, will those cities and their transported citizens be ready for it? Obviously, the answer is no—unless they prepare for it now. A few of the states are spending millions just to survey future needs, but the effort will not help much unless it is coordinated.

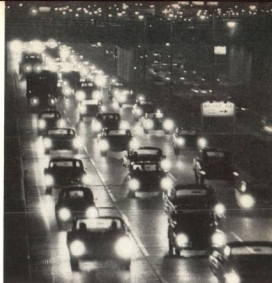
In Washington last week, a seven-man presidential task force submitted a report on the problem that recommends the federal spending of at least a million dollars on a survey to find new, faster and cheaper ways of moving people and freight through the megalopolis. Curiously, the report points out, the passenger capacity of existing intercity transportation is greater than the demand, although there is chronic congestion at the airports and along airways.

The problem that needs examination, then, is the deficiency of service—frequency, comfort, convenience, speed, safety, reliability and cost. Among the possibilities listed in the report: improvement of existing railroad rights-of-way that would provide line-haul running speeds of 100-150 m.p.h.; new railroad rights-of-way or "tubes" to provide speeds of perhaps 200 m.p.h.; electronically controlled



NEW YORK BY DAY . . .

From Boston to Washington, a roaring headache.



SEN. MARTIN

auto or bus highway systems; "ground and surface effects machines"—that is, vehicles that ride on a cushion of air over land or water; improvement of helicopter services and development of VTOL aircraft (vertical take-off-and-landing craft); and improvement of high-speed hydrofoil boats.

KENTUCKY

The Facts of Life

When folks in the scarred hills around Hazard, Ky., complain about hard times, they know what they are talking about. Of Perry County's 36,000 people, 14,000 exist on dole. For many of the area's children, the only opportunity for a square meal is a public school hot lunch—if they have the shoes to get to school. The most fortunate adults work for a third of their old wages in "dog holes"—dangerous coal mines dug by anybody who can scrape up enough cash to finance a pit.

Hazard's hopeless people, in the tradition of the desperate, have recently resorted to violence. At least two have been seriously wounded by shotgun blasts. Mine tipples have been dynamited or riddled with rifle fire. Railroad bridges were blown up. In the past three months, says a veteran mine operator, Hazard has experienced "the worst violence I've ever seen in the coal fields." The violence is not directed against management; neither is it against the United Mine Workers union. It is in protest against a permanent fact of life, and in itself it has become just such a fact. Says one striking miner: "These gun thugs call a lot of times during the night and say, 'We're going to blow your house up. You've got twelve hours to live.' But you get so you don't worry about that."

The Only Assets. Ironically, much of Hazard's tragedy is the result of a wise decision. More than a decade ago, United Mine Workers President John L. Lewis realized that the coal industry would be to modernize in order to compete with

other fuels. He decreed that the U.M.W. would back mechanization on the theory that it is "better to have half a million men working in the industry at good wages and high standards of living than to have a million working in poverty and degradation." The U.M.W. supported large producers who had the capital for machines, helped to squeeze out small mines that could not hope to modernize. The result has been long-term prosperity for the union and many of its miners—but disaster for such low-yield, one-industry areas as Hazard.

Of Perry County's working miners, most are hired by small, nonunion companies that survive only by paying cookie wages. Of the few mines that do have U.M.W. contracts, several have been holding back on the standard 40¢ per ton royalty to the U.M.W. Welfare Fund, claiming that the royalty is greater than their profit margin. Last fall the national union ruled that anybody who worked for a mine that was not paying the full royalties would be ineligible for the fund's pension and hospitalization benefits.

Around Hazard, such benefits are the only assets of many; the announcement caused sporadic strikes—not so much against management but, if it is possible, against the union.

The Last Straw. Then, two months ago, the U.M.W. announced plans to close down four welfare-fund hospitals in the Hazard area. That was the last straw; among other things, a lot of Hazard's people had hospital jobs. Bands of armed men began roaming around the region. When 300 pickets tried to close down a nonunion mine in Hazard, state troopers were armed with submachine guns. The United Mine Workers disowned the roving pickets, urged everybody to calm down. That was like pleading with a rattlesnake to uncoil. The violence simply increased, and Kentucky's Democratic Governor Bert Combs admitted that a "dangerous situation" existed. It was likely to get worse before it got better.

THE BUDGET

Almost at Twelve

A national budget of \$100 billion has that awesome, twelve-figure sound that frightens politicians, who know it will frighten taxpayers. But next fiscal year the U.S. will nudge right up to that scary size. The probable budget for 1963-64: \$99 billion, the highest in history.

In line with his statement before the Economic Club of New York two weeks ago, President Kennedy plans to hold spending at the current \$93.7 billion—except for increases in defense, space, and interest on the national debt. Defense expenditures are expected to increase by \$2.5 billion or \$3 billion, to about \$51 billion, the space program by \$2 billion, and yearly interest on the debt by \$700 million. Within the old budget, some allocations will be juggled. The Administration expects new postal rates to save \$750 million—money that can be spent for increased Health, Education and Welfare and public works programs.

STATISTICS

Where the Jobs Are

The U.S. Census Bureau last week reported that during the '50s the number of U.S. agricultural workers dropped by 37%, or from 7,047,000 to 4,415,000, while manufacturing employees jumped by 21%, from 15,306,000 to 18,535,000.

During that same decade, the whole structure of U.S. employment changed. The number of workers in professional and related services soared by 58%, those involved in finance and real estate increased by 41%, and those in public administration by 27%. At the same time, the number of workers in coal mining dropped by 56%, those in railroad and railway express by 31%, and those in textile product industries by 21%.

For experienced men, the highest median wage was \$7,547 in the legal and engineering and other professional services. Following closely were median earnings of \$6,521 in petroleum and coal products, \$6,373 in communications and \$6,018 in aircraft and parts manufacturing. For women the highest median wage was in railroads and railway express with \$4,435, while petroleum and coal products followed with \$4,111 and the motor vehicle and equipment industry offered \$4,083.

COMMUNISTS

Guilty

The Justice Department had struggled through a dozen years of legal pulling and hauling to get the Communist Party, U.S.A., into Federal District Court in Washington. Then, last week, it took a jury of four men and eight women only 30 minutes to find the party guilty on twelve counts of violating the Subversive Activities Control Act of 1950. The charges centered on the party's refusal to register as a "Communist action organization," list the names of its members and reveal the sources of its funds.

Three times before, the party had car-



PAN AM'S TRIPPE & TWA'S TILLINGHAST
Out of a merger, a chosen instrument.

ried to the Supreme Court its fight against the order to register. It argued that it was being deprived of its constitutional rights of free speech and association under the First Amendment, that its members were being asked to incriminate themselves by 'fessing up to party affiliation. Last year the Supreme Court, by a bare 5-4 vote, ruled that the party must register.

Last week the outcome was a foregone conclusion. Both sides rested their cases after the Government had called but one witness, and the party none. The verdict subjects the party to fines totaling \$120,000. But the total was only a beginning. The appeals will go on, perhaps for years. For if nothing else, the Communist Party, U.S.A., has shown itself notably adroit in taking full advantage of all the legal safeguards of a free society.

AVIATION

Trippe's Big Bid

Since the early 1940s, Juan Terry Trippe, 63, go-getting president of Pan American World Airways, has preached the gospel of the "chosen instrument"—the idea that U.S. airlines can profitably compete against subsidized foreign airlines only if Washington designates a single U.S. airline to operate overseas. Naturally he assumed that the chosen instrument would be built upon Pan Am. And since administrations in Washington have never followed his advice, Juan Trippe last week set out on his own to realize this ambition. After much private negotiating, Pan Am and Trans World Airlines announced their agreement to merge into a single Pan American-dominated line.

The proposed merger would create the free world's largest single line—a transportation colossus with 298 planes, 80,000 miles of routes touching six continents, and nearly \$1 billion in annual revenues. Since TWA is Pan Am's only U.S. rival on European and Middle Eastern routes,*

the merger would also, in effect, make Pan Am the U.S.'s chosen instrument on many of the world's most heavily traveled airlines.

Locking Up Hughes. Trippe's opportunity to snatch off TWA opened up two years ago when Millionaire Industrialist Howard Hughes was forced by a consortium of banks and insurance companies to put his 78.2% of TWA's stock into a voting trust in return for \$165 million in loans to the airline. Under Charles Tillinghast, 51, the new president appointed by the trustees, TWA lost \$38.7 million last year. In desperation, Tillinghast began seeking a merger partner.

For Trippe, the only objection to a merger with TWA was that a straight share-for-share exchange of stock would make Howard Hughes the biggest single shareholder in the merged company. Under the terms announced last week, that problem is solved by a complex device: if the merger goes through, Pan American will become a holding company with a 63% interest in the merged airline—which will be called Pan Am World Airlines. TWA shareholders will receive stock (on a share-for-share swap) in the new airline, but none in the holding company. This will permit Trippe, who will be chief executive of both the holding company and the airline, to vote the holding company stock in a block—and thereby consistently outvote the Hughes share.

Endangered Dream. Trippe's proposal seems sure to be approved both by Pan Am stockholders and TWA trustees. It also seems to be agreeable to New York Congressman Emanuel Celler, whose Judiciary Committee deals with such matters. It is less certain that it will be approved by President Kennedy, who has final voice in the matter, since the merger involves overseas routes. And even if the White House agrees, Trippe's dream may still be smashed by Howard Hughes, who has no love for the Pan Am boss. Already suing to get his TWA shares back, Hughes is now likely to go to court again to protest the merger.

* Beyond Hawaii, the only other major U.S. carrier in the Far East is Northwest Airlines.

THE HEMISPHERE



ROBERT KENNEDY WITH PRESIDENT GOULART
Home truths, as seen from Washington.

BRAZIL

A Kennedy Comes Calling

Though Cuba is still the U.S.'s most harassing burden in Latin America, Brazil is fast becoming almost as big a one. Last week, in another of those flash moves that the New Frontier is so addicted to, President Kennedy sent his brother Bobby by winging down to the modernistic out-back capital of Brasília to present Brazil's President João ("Jango") Goulart with some home truths, as seen from Washington. Kennedy and Goulart talked for three hours in the library of the presidential palace. When the two emerged, Goulart looked grim.

Bluntly the Attorney General (aged 37) told Goulart (aged 44) that U.S. patience is at an end with a country whose perilous economy rests on a wildly spiraling inflation (65% this year alone) and whose foreign policy seems increasingly to be a neutralism in favor of the Communists. Over the past ten years, the U.S. has pumped \$1.4 billion worth of aid into Brazil. Unless Brazil makes a genuine effort to solve its problems, said Bobby Kennedy, the U.S. can hardly be expected to pour more millions into an economy heading for chaos and a government catering to Yankee baiters.

Three times this year, the U.S. embassy in Rio protested open attacks against the U.S. by Brazilians in high office and anti-U.S., pro-Communist black prejudice in trade. Ambassador Lincoln Gordon brought to Washington what is described as a "devastating" report on Brazil's muddled affairs. At his press conference a fortnight ago, President Kennedy himself publicly cautioned Brazil about its political and economic instability. In sending Brother Bobby to Brazil, Kennedy made sure that the message would get through loud and clear.

At least some Brazilians thought it had.

Hernando Alves, one of Rio's leading editorialists, recalled the stormy sessions in 1961 when President Kennedy's emissary, Adolf Berle, called on Jânio Quadros to ask for cooperation on Cuba: "Mr. Berle went to see Jânio Quadros and came out looking angry. Thus began Brazil's independent foreign policy. This week Mr. Kennedy went to see Jango Goulart and came out looking very happy. Thus ended Brazil's independent foreign policy."

It was hardly that simple. Goulart, a wealthy rancher and political opportunist who climbed to power with the support of labor and the far left, still needs the left's support—at least until a plebiscite next month determines whether he will regain the presidential powers denied him by the distrustful military when he assumed the presidency in September 1961. In public, Goulart takes care not to antagonize the left by seeming to knuckle under the U.S. Privately, he says reassuringly that once the plebiscite is out of the way he will try to steer Brazil back to a middle road between East and West, will work at restoring order to the economy. Until election day Jan. 6, this would have to be taken on faith.

VENEZUELA

The Reading Revolution

"I did not even know what a letter of the alphabet was. Now I can defend myself." So said Felicidade de Lozada, a 36-year-old Caracas housewife for whom a proud new world was opening up last week. Illiterate a year ago, Felicidade enrolled in one of the adult night schools that Venezuela's government has organized in her slum barrio. She now looks forward to a complete primary-school education, and then intends to get a job to help support her family.

Throughout Venezuela, young and old are learning to read, write and do simple

mathematics as the result of an intensive education drive by President Rómulo Betancourt. When Betancourt took office almost four years ago, Venezuela was emerging from a decade of do-nothing military dictatorship; of the country's 6,500,000 people, 56% were illiterate.

The government has allocated an average \$150 million annually for education. The money bought 3,725 new schoolhouses in dingy city slums and dusty villages, enough for 97% of Venezuela's school-age population. The teacher shortage is acute, and too many children drop out early to go to work. But since 1959, the number of primary students has nearly doubled, from 700,000 to 1,200,000.

Adults, who had been condemned to blankness in their lives, now find themselves subjected to a corps of volunteers ready to teach them the rudiments of reading and writing. In the countryside, children pass on their learning to elders; in the cities, high school students go into the barrios, and next month 2,000 soldiers armed with textbooks will join the campaign in the slums. Venezuela's illiteracy has been cut in half. It is now at 26%, and next year, the Betancourt government promises, it will drop to 10%.

ARGENTINA

"Let's Kill These Dogs"

Palm trees and well-tended flower beds brighten the grounds of the four grey stone and concrete buildings of Villa Devoto Detention Institute in Buenos Aires. But the façade hides a multitude of sins and sinners: inhide, Villa Devoto is the darkest penal hellhole in all Argentina.

The prison has a rated capacity of only 800 prisoners, but the filthy cells are crammed with 2,180 men. Some have been waiting three years for their cases to come to trial. At noon one day last week, discontent in Villa Devoto reached the flash point. Attempting a mass breakout, 400 prisoners seized 20 guards as hostages and demanded freedom.

When prison officials called in a force of 200 machine gun-toting cops to reinforce the regular guards, the prisoners in their high, fourth-tier redoubt began to shoot their hostages, one by one, to "dramatize" their demand. Two of the bodies were hurled from a window to the cops and guards in the courtyard below.

At 6 p.m., a federal judge entered the prison, hoping to arrange a truce. He returned to report that 13 hostages (a figure later proved erroneous) were already dead. By nightfall, the guards outside were uncontrollable in their fury. Prison officials pleaded with them not to attack the cell block. Instead, the guards mutinied. "Let's go, let's kill these dogs," cried a guard, and nearly 100 men charged the cellblock, bayoneting and shooting the massed prisoners. When the twelve-hour bloodbath ended, the toll stood at nine guards and 15 prisoners dead, another 25 wounded.

THE WORLD

GREAT BRITAIN

Something Rather Special

From his crucial conference in the sun (see THE NATION), Harold Macmillan flew home last week to a winter of trouble in Britain. The economy was none too healthy. Unemployment was rising. Britain's negotiations for Common Market membership hung precariously in the balance. Pressing their advantage, Labor and Liberal leaders cried gleefully that the government's foreign and domestic policies were on the brink of collapse. In Macmillan's own Conservative Party, backbenchers were openly restive, and would become even more fractious during Parliament's Christmas recess as they went home to measure the uneasy mood of the country.

Two Nations? For all the uproar over Skybolt, the man in the pub was more worried about job security than the tenuous protection that nuclear weapons might buy. The Briton who had never had it so good in 1959 is bitterly aware today that the island is again in danger of being splintered into "two nations": the prosperous south and the chronically blighted north, where shipbuilding, mining and other ailing 19th century industries are concentrated. Britain's admission to the Common Market may in the long run ease its economic woes. But Macmillan's critics blame Britain's troubles in Brussels today on his three years of foot-dragging before deciding to enter Europe.

Probably no British government, faced with such momentous and obdurate problems, could have had an easy time of it. Macmillan has found it particularly difficult, the *Economist* suggested last week, because by instinct and intellect he is more enthused by "sepia illustrations of great moments in British history" than by the unique opportunity that has been offered his nation to help unite Europe and to serve as its bridge to the rest of the free world. Instead, Harold Macmillan for the past six years has chosen to emphasize Britain's "special relationship" with the U.S.

Tie with Italy? As a result, Macmillan has deepened France's ancient mistrust of perfidious Albion, while the Kennedy Administration's consultations with Whitehall have become ever more perfunctory on such life-or-death issues as Berlin and Cuba. The Administration's abrupt announcement that it planned to scuttle Skybolt left Britons shocked and disillusioned by what seemed to be a brutal rejection of their nation's claim to equal partnership with the U.S. The U.S., rued the *Tory Spectator*, kicked Britain "down the nuclear league to end up tying with, perhaps, Italy."

To most Britons last week, it seemed probable that a British Prime Minister and a U.S. President might never again be able to talk over their mutual problems with frankness and friendliness. On the

contrary, John Kennedy was able to persuade Harold Macmillan that the issue at stake was not Anglo-U.S. amity but a costly, contrary contraption that would add no credibility to Britain's deterrent. The Prime Minister came away with Polaris, which is both a proved deterrent and concrete proof of a continuing, exclusive relationship with the U.S. In the 22 months before he has to call a general election, Macmillan may find it a rather special weapon.

It's Only Macbelieve

Harold Macmillan may be in demand for years to come—at record stores. On the strength of a long-play disk that was billed irresistibly as *Harold Macmillan Sings*, the Prime Minister last week seemed likely to become one of Britain's top pop stars.

The title was only Macbelieve. In his major speech before the Tory Party conference last October, the Prime Minister glibbed at the Labor Party's fence-straddling on the issue of Britain's bid for Common Market membership (the Socialists subsequently came out against it). The opposition's indecision, cracked the Prime Minister, reminded him of the 1931 Jerome Kern hit:

*She didn't say yes, she didn't say no,
She didn't say stay, she didn't say go,
She wanted to climb, but dreaded to fall,
So she bided her time, and clung to the wall.*

Macmillan did not dare attempt the tune, merely declaimed the words sonorously. But the astute owners of a London satirical sheet called *Private Eye* snipped the passage from a tape recording of Macmillan's speech and re-recorded it, with

backing from a twangy rock-'n'-roll guitar and a swinging chorus. Though it was intended only as part of an esoteric mail-order LP, Londoners last week found the record so hilarious that they were swamping record shops with requests for it.

Spoofing Mac was also the rage on television. The once staid BBC, which has reacted to competition from commercial TV with racy vigor, brought nationwide complaints with a satirical TV revue called *That Was the Week That Was*. One of the most outrageous TWTWTW skits featured a doctored newsreel of Macmillan, making it appear as if he were saying exactly the opposite of everything he really said. Another had Macmillan telephoning the White House. Says he: "Hello, Jack, this is Harold . . . Harold Macmillan . . . Macmillan . . . M-A-C-M . . ."

Noblesse Obliged

When his father's death made him a viscount in 1960, a popular, promising Labor M.P. named Anthony Wedgwood Benn rocked the Dehret set by declaring vehemently that he wanted no part of the peerage. Reason: lords, lunatics, criminals and minors are barred from sitting in the House of Commons, where political careers are made and most Cabinet ministers chosen.

"Wedgy" Benn, then 35, refused to become Lord Stansgate and take his seat in the House of Lords, the largely ceremonial upper house that has been called "the last infirmity of noble minds." Instead, Mister Wedgwood Benn, as he insisted on calling himself, ran for re-election from Bristol South-East, and easily won. But the High Court ruled that a peer's male heir, "lawfully begotten," may not re-



LONDON DAILY EXPRESS

LORD HOME

For virtue's victims, a reprieve.



BLAD-PRE

VISCOUNT HAILSHAM

nounce his title. Protesting that he was thus "the victim of my father's virtue," "the Reluctant Peer" was forced to stand aside while the defeated Tory candidate occupied his seat in Commons.

Last week, as a direct result of Wedgwood Benn's battle to remain a commoner, a joint parliamentary committee proposed new rules for the Lords. Its key recommendation: hereditary peers should henceforth be allowed to surrender their titles for life and run for Commons if they wish. The change seems almost certain to pass into law. For though most Tories are reluctant to adopt a measure that might make the Lords even more ineffectual than at present, they fear that unless it is reformed, a future socialist government may abolish the Lords altogether on the ground that an upper chamber based on inheritance is a feudal relic that has no place in a modern democracy.

The Absentees. In fact, The Other Place, as the Lords is known in Commons, has been stripped of real power since the 1832 Reform Act, which brought effective democracy to Britain by making its government responsible only to the House of Commons. Today the Lords resembles a sumptuously somnolent club that is made all the more exclusive by the fact that it can accommodate only a fraction of the 931 dukes, marquesses, earls, viscounts, barons, bishops ("lords spiritual") and judges who are technically entitled to sit in its hallowed gilt and crimson chamber.

Most of them are bored by political debate and seldom show up. On the other hand, several able, politically-minded aristocrats who refuse to sit in the Lords have joined Wedgwood Benn's boycott with the express aim of changing the system. Among them; Lord Hinchinbrooke, a lively Tory rebel who lost his Commons seat this year when he became the tenth Earl of Sandwich, and Lord Altrincham, a trenchant anti-establishment columnist for the Liberal Manchester Guardian.

Lethal Chamber. Both major parties would welcome the return to Commons of respected and experienced politicians who have been exiled to The Other Place. Among them: former Tory Party Chairman Viscount Hailsham, now Leader of the House of Lords, who as Quintin Hogg, M.P., was a longtime star of Commons debates, and Foreign Secretary Lord Home, who was a lackluster Tory M.P. but has made a deep impact on the party in the past two years. In Tory inner circles, both are regarded as among the half-dozen potential candidates to succeed Prime Minister Harold Macmillan.

In any case, the changes proposed last week impressed most Britons as a necessary, if overdue, step toward more thoroughgoing reform of "the lethal chamber," as Liberal Prime Minister Herbert Asquith called it in 1911. Displaced M.P. Wedgwood Benn, who has eked out a living as a free-lance writer for the past year, called the committee report "a victory for common sense." When the law is changed, he vowed, "I shall be queuing up with my thermos the moment the doors open."



SWEDEN'S MARGARETHA



FRANCE'S ISABELLE



ITALY'S MARIA GABRIELLA



DENMARK'S BENEDIKTE



DENMARK'S MARGRETHE



ITALY'S MARIA BEATRICE



GREECE'S IRENE



THE NETHERLANDS' BEATRIX & IRENE
In real life, no problem.

ROYALTY

My Son, the Prince

"There's this princess, see." It is a line that has commemorated countless Hollywood script conferences from *The Prisoner of Zenda* to *Roman Holiday*. In real life, the scenarist can find his Prince Charming at Central Casting. But in real life there are not enough princes—charming or otherwise—to go around.

Listed in the *Almanach de Gotha* are 26 spinster princesses—and only 16 princes of marriageable age. Not all the princesses come from reigning houses. Two of the prettiest are Maria Gabriella and Maria Beatrice, daughters of Italy's ex-King Umberto. But the biggest problems are in The Netherlands and Denmark. The Dutch have four unmarried princesses—Beatrix, Irene, Margriet, and Maria—and the Danes three—Margrethe, Benedikte,

and Anne-Marie; neither house has a son.

Reasons of state have further narrowed the field. The ugly memories of World War II make it unlikely that a Danish princess would ever marry a German prince, and Britain's royalty is discouraged from marrying Roman Catholics. Also complicating matters is the fact that intermarriage has linked so many of Europe's royal houses. Questioned about a romance with a young prince, one Oxford-educated continental princess snapped: "Come off it. He's my first cousin."

So great is the prince shortage that royal mothers are, as always, unblushing marriage brokers. A couple of years ago, The Netherlands' Queen Juliana threw a ball so that Crown Princess Beatrix could meet some nice boys, but the stags stayed stags. With far more success, Greece's Queen Frederika organized a Mediterranean cruise for nubile royalty; it sparked

the match between Spain's Prince Juan Carlos and her daughter, Princess Sophie. When Frederika's son, Crown Prince Constantine, began courting a voluptuous Greek actress, his mother promptly broke up the romance. Frederika had her sights on a higher prize—perhaps even Denmark's beautiful, 16-year-old Princess Anne-Marie, Constantine's coveted companion. For her younger daughter, Princess Irene, Frederika had her eyes on Crown Prince Harald of Norway.

Led by Britain's Princess Margaret and her cousin Princess Alexandra, who soon will marry Scottish Businessman Angus Ogilvy, princesses have begun to look more favorably at kind hearts with no coronets. "What interests me is not the crown, but what's beneath the crown," says France's Princess Isabelle, daughter of the French Pretender, the Count of Paris. A commoner should of course have money. Sweden's royal family ruled British Playboy Robin Douglas-Horne (nephew of Foreign Secretary Lord Home) "unsuitable" as a consort for Princess Margaretha because of his low income. "You can't expect this young lady to get along without at least one maid," explained a palace spokesman.

Undoubtedly the best royal catch in the world today is Britain's Prince Charles, but at 14 he is not so long out of short pants. Generally overlooked, however, is a royal prince whose line stretches back to 660 B.C., and whose family has announced that he is looking for "an appropriate girl from a decent home." He is 27-year-old Prince Yoshi of Japan.

WEST GERMANY

The Bitter Hours

Early this month, West German politicians were confident of three things: 1) that Chancellor Konrad Adenauer would resign next fall, 2) that he would be replaced by popular Economics Minister Ludwig Erhard, and 3) that ex-Defense Minister Franz Josef Strauss was finished as a national figure because of his involvement in the *Spiegel* crisis.

Last week they were not so sure. Asked in a TV interview with CBS's Daniel Schorr about his plans, Adenauer replied: "What can I say when I don't know who my successor will be? The calendar date for my retirement has not been determined." Adenauer supporters gleefully pointed out that Adenauer had promised only to retire "after" next summer's Bundestag recess—after could mean anything from ten days to ten years.

Next, Adenauer was the principal speaker at a farewell banquet for Strauss. "I do not say goodbye to you," *der Alte* told his friend, "but just the opposite, I hope that we will work together even more often in the future and will discuss together things of great importance for our people." Adenauer noted that the ex-Defense Minister had undergone many bitter experiences. Then *der Alte* concluded with what may well be his own credo, by saying: "But bitter hours are necessary for the formation of a man."

THE ALLIES

The Last Boss

Before retiring as NATO's Supreme Commander in Europe, General Lauris Norstad set out in November to pay his adieux to Europe's statesmen. The farewell was premature, for President Kennedy asked him to stay on temporarily when the Cuban crisis exploded.

Last week, like a diva making her positively final appearance, Norstad once again bade ceremonial leave to his old associates. The warmest and most unexpected leavetaking came from Charles de Gaulle, whose attitude to NATO has



DE GAULLE & NORSTAD
A star, a sash and a smack.

not been exactly ardent. At a ceremony in the Court of Honor of the 17th century Hôtel des Invalides, General de Gaulle draped over General Norstad's shoulder the crimson sash and golden star of the Legion of Honor, its highest award. Like a courting giraffe, *le grand Charles* bent to give Lauris the buss that only one hero can bestow upon another.

Later, at lunch in his palace, De Gaulle declared, "You have done everything that could and should have been done in the service of the strength and solidarity of our Atlantic Alliance." Then, De Gaulle proposed a toast: "I drink to our Alliance, more necessary now than ever."

BERLIN

The Wall of Trees

As winter dusk settled over West Berlin last week, Mayor Willy Brandt threw a switch. Instantly, 400 Christmas trees lining the 25 miles of the hated Communist-built Wall burst into twinkling lights—beacons of freedom for the sullen population of East Berlin.

A few hours later, three young men

crept into West Berlin's Jerusalem Street, cut in half by the Wall, and planted a bomb. The explosion tore a jagged nine-foot hole in the bricks, shattered nearby windows. Before any lucky refugees could make their escape, Communist Vopos rushed to the gap, threatened the West Berlin crowd with submachine guns. "Get away!" snarled a Vopo, snapping the bolt on his gun. A West Berliner replied ironically: "And a Merry Christmas to you."

Purple Rins. Away from the Wall, prosperous West Berlin seemed almost carefree. Bundled in overcoats, citizens jammed the outdoor cafés for hot coffee and rich pastry, while their feet froze and their necks blistered from the heat of overhanging radiant coils. Along the broad Kurfürstendamm, young art students collected rent money by drawing colored chalk reproductions of the madonnas of Giorgione and Fra Angelico. In the fairyland of the big department stores, late shoppers were snapping up collapsible 6-ft. Christmas trees, black lace nightgowns from Paris, Guardsmen neckties from London, Retsina wine from Greece.

East Berlin resembled the weather—leiden grey skies, bone-chilling wind, a damp slurry of mud and snow. The city was dark, and the shops were sparsely stocked. Only sign of the holiday season was the *Wihnachtsmarkt* (Christmas market) set up near the Sportsplatz. Here a seedy collection of carnival rides attempted gaiety to the music of a prewar Harry James record. Pathetic crowds hurried the few booths selling candied apples or thin bits of herring on hard rolls. Missing was the pungent smell of broiling sausage, for an epidemic of foot-and-mouth disease has made meat, and especially beef, scarce in East Germany. Across the street from the carnival, a lone, scraggly Christmas tree shared its place with the huge model of a Russian rocket.

Thousands of West Berliners had hoped that they might visit relatives and friends in East Berlin during the holidays. Their hopes were dashed with the breakdown of negotiations on a trade agreement between East Germany and West Germany. In exchange for a softer policy on travel across the Wall, the Communists were demanding huge money credits from Bonn. A woman in the American sector said wistfully, "Nobody here is hoping any more. My daughter and grandchildren are in East Berlin, only five minutes' walk from here. But I haven't been able to speak to them since September 1961."

Though the reunion of families is banned, West Berliners did have some mild cause for rejoicing. A year ago, the Communists were talking noisily of an imminent separate peace treaty with the Soviet Union, with its implied threat to Allied access to West Berlin. But last week there was no mention of another Berlin blockade. In the wake of the tough U.S. stance in Cuba, East Germany's Red Boss Walter Ulbricht was now having to pass delicate hints to his people that all the promises to throw the West out of Berlin would have to wait until East Germany's economic woes were eased.

RUSSIA

Alas, Poor Oleg!

It was a bitterly cold day, and most passers-by on Moscow's Kutuzovsky Prospekt hurried past the bus stop at Badayev factory. Buses came and went, but a tall American diplomat in a sports jacket stood peering at Lamppost 35, which was marked with a crude circle in charcoal. Finally, he jumped into a waiting car and roared off toward the Moscow River. Shortly afterward, another American ducked into a house at 5-6 Pushkin Street, where he surreptitiously reached behind a hallway radiator. As he was about to pocket the paper-wrapped matchbox that had been concealed there, Russian counterespionage agents burst in and arrested him as a spy.

"Proof" in Pictures. These goings-on were not in a James Bond thriller. They came in a detailed, two-part serial in Pravda titled *Caught Redhanded*, which may herald the biggest Moscow spy spectacular since Gary Powers' U-2 trial.

In all, the Russians have named seven Americans, one Briton and two Russians as major figures in the espionage ring, which was accused of "wholesale and retail" trade in Russian engineering and scientific secrets. Top operative, according to Pravda, was the U.S. Embassy's Russian-speaking physician, Air Force Captain Alexis Davison, 31, who was "open-

heartedly received as a true colleague" by Soviet doctors. It was Davison, said the Russians, who was so preoccupied by the lamppost. The charcoal circle was a signal that information was ready to be picked up at 5-6 Pushkin Street by another embassy staffer, Richard Carl Jacob, 26, who, though only a secretary-archivist, was in reality, claimed Pravda, a graduate of a special U.S. spy school. The paper even carried "authentic" photographs of the "spies at work."

Codes & Cameras. Their Russian contact, the real heavy of Pravda's story, was Oleg Vladimirovich Penkovsky, a vain cheapskate who held an "important job" in the Soviet agency that coordinates scientific research. The secret life of Oleg, the serial explained, revolved around his hopes of escaping to the West, "the alluring world where there is no honor, no fatherland, no moral duty; where everything is measured by the pocketbook."

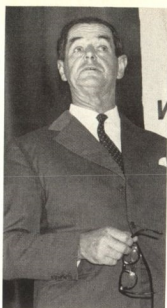
Alas, poor Oleg! When Soviet intelligence raided his apartment, said Pravda, they found three miniature cameras for photographing documents, code books, chemically treated paper for sending invisible messages, radios to receive instructions from spy headquarters in Frankfurt and transmit "information about the U.S.S.R.'s scientific, technical, war and political problems." Why, with such equipment, Oleg resorted to such clumsy devices as scrawling signs on lampposts and hiding information behind apartment-house radiators, Pravda's thriller writer does not explain. It would never happen in a James Bond story.

A spy case in Paris last week appropriately sounded more like Simon than James Bond.

Its central figure was Egyptian-born Sami Schinasi, an enterprising scoundrel who offered his services as an espionage agent to the French government. As proof of his cloak-and-dagger abilities, Schinasi genially explained that he got his start in espionage in September 1959, when he had a civilian job at the U.S. armed forces gasoline and oil depot in Fontainebleau. Needing some extra money, Schinasi had dropped into the Russian embassy in Paris and proposed that he do some moonlighting as a spy.

The Russians agreed, and paid Schinasi a total of \$600 for supplying the names of all the U.S. service chiefs at Fontainebleau, a list of the petroleum products used at the depot, and information on U.S. gas masks. By July 1960, the Russians were so delighted with his work that they suggested he develop his talent at an espionage school in the Soviet Union; he cannily refused.

The French government was impressed by Schinasi's story, but not in quite the way he expected. Last week he was being tried for threatening the security of the state, faced a possible 20-year sentence. His attorney, arguing that Schinasi had not handed any vital information to the Russians, asked that his luckless client be acquitted because "this isn't really an espionage case. It is more of a swindle."



ERIC ROBINS

PRIME MINISTER FIELD
Copper, blankets and threats.

CENTRAL AFRICA

Then There Were Two

"Foul!" roared ex-pugilist Sir Roy Welensky, all 282 lbs. of him aquiver with rage. "The British government has rattled on us."

What infuriated "Royboy," Prime Minister of the Rhodesias and Nyasaland, was the announcement last week that Britain had decided to permit Nyasaland to secede from his crumbling, nine-year-old federation. Under a black majority headed by Dr. H. Kamuzu Banda (he no longer calls himself Hastings—too British), an urbane onetime London general practitioner, Nyasaland is expected to quit within a year. Northern Rhodesia, whose first black government took over a fortnight ago and likes the idea of keeping the \$320 million-a-year copper-mining industry all to itself, would like to follow suit. Even in Southern Rhodesia, once the most enthusiastic of the federation's three members, the newly elected white Rhodesian Front government (TIME, Dec. 21) has declared solemnly that the federation is "finished."

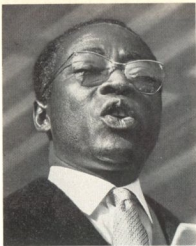
Royboy refused to admit defeat. "I will go on fighting to alter a decision I consider wrong in every way," he thundered before an emergency session of his Federal Parliament in Salisbury. In London, beleaguered R. A. Butler, Deputy Prime Minister who is in charge of Central African affairs, wearily insisted that it was "our duty" to okay Nyasaland's secession. To soothe a strong bloc of pro-Welensky Tories, he said that he would visit Central Africa early next year to look into the chances of preserving a union between the two Rhodesias.

His chances seem slim. Southern Rhodesia's Tobacco Farmer Winston Field, 58, who was sworn in as new Prime Min-



TOP: RADIATOR IN DAVIDSON'S APARTMENT. MIDDLE: PENKOVSKY'S APARTMENT. BOTTOM: SCHINASI'S APARTMENT. (ALL PHOTOS BY AP/WIDEWORLD)

PRAVDA SPY THRILLER & DAVISON (INSET)
A lamppost, a radiator, and a matchbox.



SENGHOR

Paratroops were waiting.

ister last week, intends to divide the land into three "tiers" of racially restricted areas—for whites, Africans and racially mixed families. Though Field insists that his plan is a long way from *apartheid*, the new black government in Northern Rhodesia will hardly be able to tell the difference. The Northern Rhodesian blacks already have threatened to sever economic ties unless Southern Rhodesia broadens its voting franchise and releases the African nationalists who have been placed under restriction. Otherwise, cried Nationalist Leader Kenneth Kaunda, "we will set up a tariff wall at the Zambezi and let the Southern Rhodesians eat the blankets they manufacture."

SENEGAL

Friends Fall Out

Until recently, President Léopold Senghor and Premier Mamadou Dia of peanut-producing Senegal were as close as two nuts in a pod. Both worked feverishly to win Senegal's independence from France in 1960, and they have shared the struggle to make the hot little West African nation a going concern. Then, six months ago, Dia, back from a trip to Moscow, took a sharp left turn in his official policies. Moderate President Senghor disagreed violently with Dia's new line. Last week, in a showdown in the sunny capital of Dakar, Senghor shucked his old friend and clapped him under arrest in a palace guest house.

It was a case of political fast-draw. Without warning, a no-confidence resolution designed to force Dia's resignation was produced in the Senghor-controlled Parliament. At the news, Dia sent rifle-carrying police into the chamber, ordered it dissolved. But Senghor called in his own band of paratroops; they promptly surrounded Dia in his administration building. When the frantic Premier attempted to speak through a loudspeaker, a pro-Senghor mob drowned him out by playing thundering tomtom records, full-blatt. At last, Dia surrendered, and was led away to captivity.



DIA

The outcome leaves Senegal firmly in the hands of West Africa's most distinguished intellectual and one of its most staunchly pro-French leaders. A Sorbonne-educated, internationally noted poet, the 56-year-old Senghor served in the postwar French Assembly, even sat in the Paris Cabinet (as Secretary of State for Scientific Research) under Premier Edgar Faure. He is also a devout African nationalist and prominent exponent of "*négritude*"—the concept that sees Africa as the wave of the future. Nevertheless, Senghor is convinced that Senegal's best hopes for strength and prosperity lie in continued close association with France. Such a philosophy suits French President Charles de Gaulle just fine; it is one reason France provides Senegal with \$50 million in aid a year, almost half the Senegalese budget.

CONGO

Toward a Showdown

Through the streets of Elisabethville swirled 100 howling Africans and Europeans carrying banners blazoned, "No G.I.s in Katanga!" At the U.S. consulate they trampled on an American flag and shattered windows with rocks and ripe mangoes. It was Secessionist Moïse Tshombe's way of replying to the U.S. decision last week to send a military mission to the Congo to see what equipment the United Nations force will need to bring his secessionist Katanga province to heel.

Judging from the mood at the U.N. and in Washington, Tshombe will have plenty of other opportunities to signal his displeasure in coming weeks, for a showdown is rapidly shaping up. "Either the U.N. brings Tshombe to reason," fumed Robert K. A. Gardiner, top U.N. official in the Congo, "or it may as well get out right away. The longer we delay, the more we bring the U.N. into contempt." And, he might have added, the closer the U.N. moves to bankruptcy. It is already \$76 million in the red from its 2½-year effort to reunify the Congo, and is still spending \$10 million a month there.

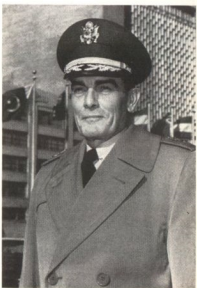
The Plan. What alarms the U.N. most is the shaky position of the head of the central government in Leopoldville, Premier Cyrille Adoula, who has taken to sleeping in a paratroop compound in fear

for his life. "He is hanging on by an eyelash," said a diplomat. The tumultuous Parliament is openly rebellious. One portly Deputy named Emile Zola drew cheers by reciting a long list of grievances against Adoula, punctuating each with "*J'accuse.*"

With the central government tottering toward anarchy and Tshombe apparently hoping to give it one last push simply by stalling long enough, U.N. Secretary-General U Thant decided to act. His instrument for "reconciliation" is known simply as "The Plan," a four-part program drawn up last August and designed to force Tshombe to bring his mineral-rich province back into the Congo. Fortnight ago, Thant decided to stir up some action. Off to Britain, Belgium, Portugal and South Africa went letters urging a boycott on the copper and cobalt that earn some \$200 million in foreign exchange for Katanga's giant Union Minière each year. Most merely shrugged. Then, Adoula wrote to 17 nations urging them to stop buying Tshombe's exports. Many of them would shrug too.

The Men of JTF-4. The most dramatic part of the plan was a request to the U.S. to send additional military equipment to the U.N. Congo force. The U.S. responded last week by naming Lieut. General Louis W. Truman, 54, a bantam, 150-lb. West Pointer (and second cousin of Harry S. Truman) as head of an eight-man mission to weigh the U.N.'s arms needs. Seven of the eight are members of a top-drawer planning group called JTF-4 (for Joint Task Force 4), set up in 1961 to chart long-range military contingency plans for sub-Saharan Africa. As General Truman flew into Leopoldville, Swedish, Philippine and Italian fighter planes were headed toward the Congo for U.N. use, and 1,800 Indonesian infantrymen and a unit of 300 Norwegian anti-aircraft gunners were en route to join the Congo force.

Nobody wants another round of shoot-



LIEUT. GENERAL TRUMAN
Reinforcements were on the way.

ing, The U.N.'s main purpose is to frighten Tshombe into signing up as a part of the Congo. But there is always the chance of an ugly incident that could touch off a big U.N.-Katanga fight. That's next step under The Plan is to cut Katanga's rail, post and telecommunications links with the outside, a move likely to provoke retaliation. Thant warns that the U.N. "will use arms vigorously, whenever and wherever it may be attacked."

Tshombe is in no mood to fight. To stave off armed action and keep talks going, he offered to give the Central Government a bigger share of his \$50 million-a-year revenues. Thant was hardly enthusiastic. "In view of our past experiences with Mr. Tshombe," he said, "we are not jumping to any hasty conclusions."

MOROCCO

Referee with a Whistle

When Morocco's beloved King Mohammed V died last year, no one seemed less likely to hold the nation together than his eldest son, slender, dark-eyed King Hassan II. Hassan knew his way around the royal court, but his interest in the serious business of government seemed equally matched with a taste for racing sports cars, riding horses, and romping with starlets. The political pundits figured Hassan might last six months.

The predictions were wrong. During 22 months in power, Hassan, 33, has deftly played off squabbling left-wing groups against one another, at the same time raising the prestige of the Istiqlal political party, which led the fight for independence and made the throne the symbol of nationalism and freedom. Hassan, however, is more than just a symbol. Today, from the royal palace in Rabat, he rules his California-size kingdom of 12 million subjects with the assurance of a sultan, which is precisely the way Morocco was ruled for 13 centuries before him.

Outside Cash. It has been no easy task. Despite his father's efforts, Hassan is faced with the grim fact that 80% of the population live in feudal and near-feudal conditions. Hassan's task is to sweep away old traditions of tribalism, apathy and religious extremism without being swept away in the process. He negotiates amiably with France, which once held the territory in a colonial grip. In Paris last week, French and Moroccan negotiators opened talks for an \$80 million loan, the biggest single French aid package since Moroccan independence.

Some 10,000 French civil servants remain the backbone of Rabat's government bureaucracy, filling jobs that range from drafting legal papers to installing telephones. Striving to lower the massive 75% illiteracy rate, Hassan imported 8,500 French schoolteachers, more than were in Morocco during colonial rule. In so doing he defied influential Moslems who believe that all education must be based on the Koran. But Hassan thinks that advancement is where you find it. He currently gets \$50 million a year from the U.S., has accepted an American suggestion to set

up a kind of CCC to cope partially with Morocco's 1,000,000 unemployed.

Hassan tries hard not to become too closely identified with the West. During the Algerian war, he played the role of mediator between the F.L.N. and Charles de Gaulle; when Algeria finally became free, Rabat crowds led by Hassan gave a hero's welcome to Ahmed ben Bella and other rebel leaders on their way home from French prisons. Since then, Hassan has kept a watchful eye on developments in neighboring Algeria. Aware of the danger of a violent chain reaction of turmoil along the Mediterranean, he remains friendly to Algeria's new regime, believes that the best insurance for stability in Morocco is stability in Algeria.

Some Say Swindle. Hassan's proudest reform is Morocco's first formal constitution. Istiqlal campaigned vigorously for



KING HASSAN II
Starlets were forgotten.

the charter, which was approved by 80% of the voters in a nationwide referendum this month. The result was a stunning setback for the two major opposition parties, which campaigned against Hassan's constitution. One defeated party was the National Union of Popular Forces, headed by Mehdi ben Barka, who led a left-wing faction out of Istiqlal three years ago. The other opposition group was the *Union Marocaine du Travail* (U.M.T.), the nation's most powerful labor group (700,000 workers), headed by Socialist Mahjoub ben Seddik.

Meeting the press, Hassan displayed a benevolent disdain for his political foes, enthusiastically described the constitution to foreign correspondents in an hour-long torrent of fluent French. Political and religious freedom is guaranteed to all, and education is considered a basic right.

There will be an elected House of Representatives; it will be chosen for four-year terms in elections next spring. But the legislature can be dispersed any time the King sees fit, and no bill can become law until he signs it.

Opposition parties called the constitution a "swindle"; Hassan himself concedes that "the powers of the King are enormous." But seated behind his 7-ft.-long desk, with its imposing array of telephones, tape recorders and push buttons, Hassan urged reporters to "imagine a football game presided over by a referee who didn't have the right to use his whistle."

YEMEN

Pax Americana?

Yemen's President Abdullah Sallal was growing impatient. "From this holy place, from this great mosque and from this pure spot," he declared grandly in his dusty capital of San'a, "I warn America that if it does not recognize the Yemen Arab Republic, I shall not recognize it!"

The U.S. was not exactly cowed by Sallal's threat, but it was anxious to quarantine the civil war in Yemen before it engulfed the whole Middle East—a distinct possibility, with Egypt's President Nasser lined up behind Sallal and Saudi Arabia and Jordan supporting the deposed Imam Mohamed el Badr. Last week, after nearly three months of hesitation, the U.S. became the 34th nation to recognize the Yemen Arab Republic.

Washington moved only after squeezing promises of good behavior out of Sallal and Nasser. Prodded by U.S. Charge d'Affaires Robert Stookey, Sallal proclaimed Yemen's "firm policy to honor its international obligations"—including a 1934 treaty pledging respect for Britain's Aden Protectorate, home of a trouble-making Yemeni minority. In Cairo, Nasser's government promised to "start gradual withdrawal" of its 18,000-man expeditionary force, "provided Saudi and Jordanian forces also retire from border regions." But Nasser will leave swarms of technicians and advisers behind.

Jordan's King Hussein and Saudi Arabia's Crown Prince Feisal, who fear that the example of a successful revolution in Yemen will spark trouble within their own kingdoms, were acknowledged by U.S. officials to be "extremely unhappy." The U.S. is aware of their fears, but is gambling that the example of Yemen will prove a spur to reform rather than revolution in all the Middle East's monarchies.

Though Arab newspapers hailed the U.S. action as the creation of a "Pax Americana," the civil war was far from over, and the rival forces continued to broadcast grim communiqués. From San'a came an unconfirmed report that the Imam's cousin, Prince Hassan, 31, had been killed in action. Not to be outdone, the royalists claimed the slaughter of precisely 88 rebels—including 88 Egyptians—in a two-day battle along the borders of northeastern Yemen.

TURKEY

Still Indispensable

Most Turks agree that the country's shaky civilian rule depends on shrewd, wrinkled Premier Ismet Inonu, 78. Alone among professional politicians, he has the confidence of the nation's generals, who seized power in 1960 and who would not hesitate to take over again if Inonu's precarious civilian coalition collapsed. Last week a political crisis inside Inonu's own Republican People's Party almost forced the old man to quit, raising fresh fears of another military coup.

Inonu's troubles came from a group of rebels led by Kasim Gulek, 57, a fiery Republican who has always spoken his mind no matter what the risk. An able economist who studied at Istanbul's U.S.-financed Robert College, Columbia University and the Sorbonne, Gulek shouted

the army dictatorship. In the showdown vote, only ten delegates dared to oppose Inonu, and some 150 abstained. The rest obviously agreed that Ismet Inonu was still indispensable.

SOUTH KOREA

Democracy of a Sort

When South Korea's Strongman General Park Chung Hee seized power 19 months ago, he vowed to restore democratic civilian rule "when all revolutionary tasks have been accomplished." Sure enough, Park eventually produced the draft of a new constitution; last week it won overwhelming approval in a national referendum.

No one seemed to notice—or care about—the details of Park's constitutional document. Fact was, it would permit the soldiers of the military junta to exchange

have given the government a substantial supply of working capital. Though one-quarter of the total labor force is unemployed, a new \$2.5 billion five-year plan is expected to take up much of the slack.

Early morality crusades have been abandoned to spur the economy. The junta eased its ban on prostitution because it could not find enough jobs for the unemployed hustlers. Anti-gambling laws were rewritten so that the government could back the development of a new, \$3,800,000 gambling, hotel and entertainment complex outside Seoul called Walker Hill (named after the late U.S. General Walton Walker, who led U.N. forces during the Korean war). Slated to be dedicated this week, Walker Hill is designed to entice U.S. soldiers to spend their leaves—and their dollars—in Korea rather than in nearby Japan.

Some of the puritanical zeal remains. Last week the junta outlawed holiday parties and the exchange of Christmas cards as "ill-suited to revolutionary aims."

SWITZERLAND

Taking the Plunge

Ever since its birth in 1291, when three Alpine cantons banded together for protection against Germany, Switzerland has treasured its strict neutrality in world affairs.* As early as 1674 the Swiss Diet officially pronounced the concept to be the country's guiding principle. The one time that Switzerland was forced to join an outside conflict—by leaping to the Austro-British side against Napoleon in 1815 six days before Waterloo—Swiss soldiers sent into France lost interest, turned around and went home. Neutral in two world wars this century, Switzerland is today not even a member of the United Nations.

Last week, the little land of mountains, milk and money took what many Swiss consider to be a historic plunge. After more than a decade of suspicious observation, it joined the 16-nation Council of Europe, an organization of representatives of European parliaments that debates such matters as social security and human rights, and talks vaguely about ways "to achieve a greater unity" in Europe.

Foreigners might consider this a modest enough venture into outside affairs, but it was bitterly debated before the federal Parliament at Bern finally approved the idea. "Why should we gallop into this Europeanization?" shouted an angry legislator. "It should be done step by step." Citing the cost (\$70,000) of joining the Council, Independent Representative Alois Gredelmeier of Zurich huffed, "Diplomatic missions are more than adequate for communicating with other states . . . our neutrality is getting dimmer and dimmer."

* Originally so that Swiss mercenaries could fight in the Continent's feudalistic wars without compromising their own land, later in order not to antagonize Switzerland's more powerful neighbors of modern Europe.



CHALLENGER GULEK

ROHAN ARIAN



PREMIER INONU

ISRAHIM GUEZEL

"It is either me or him."

defiance at the late Premier Adnan Menderes when it was not at all healthy to do so, was arrested in 1956 for "insulting the National Assembly" in public speeches.

When the army took over, Gulek made no secret of his desire to be the next Republican Premier. Even after Inonu got the job last year, Gulek rose in party councils to declare that Inonu was too old and weak. "It is either me or him," Gulek told a Republican caucus.

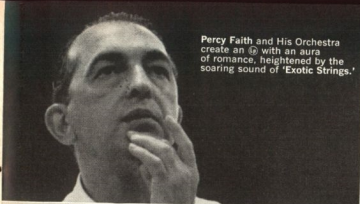
Three weeks ago, Inonu struck back. Gulek and two other dissident leaders were summoned before the party's disciplinary committee and suspended for a year on charges that they had made damaging public political statements. But many party members thought the punishment was too severe. Last week, as 1,300 Republicans gathered in Ankara for their annual convention, 600 of the delegates signed a petition demanding that Gulek and the two others be reinstated.


It was a serious challenge to Inonu's leadership, but the wily Premier had a powerful reply. He told the rebel sympathizers that he would quit if their petition was approved. That would bring back

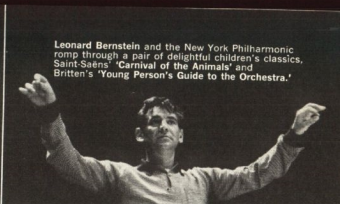
their khaki uniforms for mufti, and continue ruling as before. Contemptuous of the "parliamentary impotence" of civilian politicians, General Park reduced the National Assembly to the role of a powerless rubber stamp. Full powers were given to the popularly elected President. Leading candidate for that office, and almost certain winner in elections next March, is General Park himself.

Behind Park will be Colonel Kim Chong Pil, head of the powerful Central Intelligence Agency, the quiet Korean who is even more powerful than Park. Together, the two have gagged the newspapers, and got rid of thousands of political enemies by forbidding them to participate in public life. Yet of 40,000 political prisoners locked up in the first months of the military coup, a mere 700 remain in jail.

Moreover, the junta has provided a clean and efficient government. Official corruption and smuggling, which once accounted for 70% of the country's retail trade, have been drastically curtailed. Exports have climbed 37% to a record \$55 million, and bank receipts of compulsory savings on the salaries of all wage earners



Percy Faith and His Orchestra create an  with an aura of romance, heightened by the soaring sound of 'Exotic Strings.'



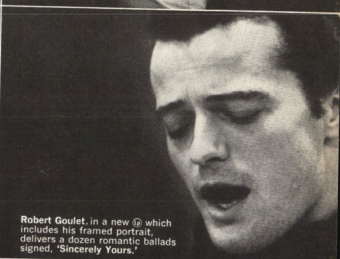
Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic romp through a pair of delightful children's classics, Saint-Saëns' 'Carnival of the Animals' and Britten's 'Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra.'




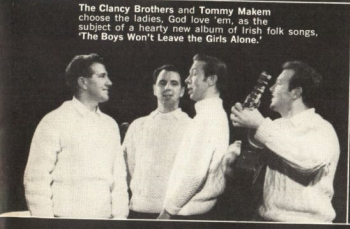
Doris Day is joined by Stephen Boyd, Jimmy Durante and Martha Raye on the Original Sound Track recording of the brassy, sassy circus spectacular, Billy Rose's 'Jumbo.'



Robert Ryan and Nanette Fabray head the party on this Original Broadway Cast recording of Irving Berlin's 'Mr. President.'



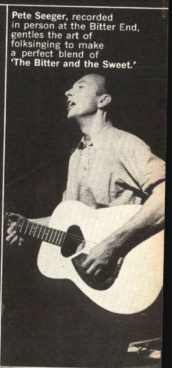
Robert Goulet, in a new  which includes his framed portrait, delivers a dozen romantic ballads signed, 'Sincerely Yours.'



The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem choose the ladies. God love 'em, as the subject of a hearty new album of Irish folk songs, 'The Boys Won't Leave the Girls Alone.'



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PEOPLE

Michigan's Governor-elect knows that the ability to make a quick decision is the mark of a good executive. But **Lenore Romney**, his handsome wife (who opted for marriage instead of a movie contract in 1931) knows the wifely wisdom of the let-George-do-it axiom. Out shopping for an inaugural ball gown, she nodded agreeably when his eye fastened on a "blush orchid" satin number with beaded bodice and boat neckline. Said she: "George chose it, I tried it on, and away we went."

Looking more like Great Danes with manes, a trio of hip-high horses arrived at Idlewild Airport from Argentina. They were bound for the McLean, Va., home of **Bobby and Ethel Kennedy** as a Christmas surprise for their seven children and Ethel's relatives. Hearing about the horses, and feeling an urge to expand the

to the one-big-family aspect of Christmas in London were Sybil Burton and two little Burtons. Announced Sybil firmly: "There is nothing wrong with our marriage. We shall be spending Christmas here with our two children."

Three sons of famous generals were tapped for bigger things by the Army: Lieut. Colonel **John Eisenhower**, 40, Lieut. Colonel **Sam Walker**, 37, son of Korean Eighth Army Commander General Walton Walker, killed in Korea, and Colonel **Henry Arnold Jr.**, 45, whose father, the late General "Hap" Arnold, commanded U.S. air forces in World War II. Walker, now at U.N. headquarters in Washington, a hitch that is often a prelude to a general's star; Arnold, presently on duty at the Presidio in San



ARGENTINE PLAYMATES ON THE NEW FRONTIER
Happy, housebroken, and forever pregnant.

Kennedy menagerie (present occupants: four dogs, 20 rabbits, one guinea pig, one donkey), Ethel shot off an order to Argentine Breeder Julio Falabella, who claims that his herd of 350 is unique. Sturdy enough to saddle up and ride, the midjet horses have other endearing qualities that may make Cousin Caroline's pony, Macaroni, lose a length in Kennedy affections. Says Falabella: "They eat practically nothing—far less than sheep—and can be completely housebroken. The mares are always getting pregnant; in fact they are disgustingly happy and healthy."

"It will be a standard family Christmas," said the secretary in London. Arriving for the holidays from school in Gstaad, Switzerland, were the kiddies, led by Liza Todd Fisher, 5, looking like Mother **Elizabeth Taylor** from the eyes up—and clutching a tabloid but no cigar—like her late father Mike Todd from the nose down. With Liza came Half Brothers Michael, 9, and Christopher Wilding, 7; only adopted Baby Sister Maria Fisher, 2, stayed in Gstaad, would miss all the fun at the Dorchester with Mommy and Uncle Dickie Burton. Meanwhile, winging in from Switzerland to add

Francisco, and Eisenhower, who has been on leave for nearly two years helping his father prepare his presidential papers, may be groomed for higher rank at the Army War College at Carlisle Barracks, Pa., only a short drive from the Eisenhower farm in Gettysburg.

As every soldier knows, greatcoats are never—no, not ever—worn on the parade ground at Sandhurst, Britain's West Point near London. Mindful of his own days there, Jordan's mitey monarch, **King Hussein**, carried the custom 14 miles northward when he turned up in ordinary service uniform to review the annual Passing Out parade at the R.A.F.'s Cranwell College in blustery Lincolnshire. No one dared to cross Jordan's stormy ranks, and for a frigid 45 minutes the R.A.F.'s top brass shivered along while hardy Hussein marched around. Chattered Station Commander Group Captain George Reid: "I don't think he realizes that in Lincolnshire the temperature is 10° to 15° lower than Sandhurst."

Into the office of the Secretary of the Senate wandered Democratic Whip **Hubert Humphrey**. He was real casual.

Why, he asked, was everybody working so hard? Well, they were preparing new legislative bills for printing in time for the opening of Congress in January. And did they, asked Humphrey, also assign legislative numbers? Yes they did. Any system for assigning numbers? Nope. How about this bill here? asked Hubert. Mightn't it just as well be Senate Bill No. 1 as any other? Yes, sighed the bill clerk, it might. And so it will. It happens to be Humphrey's own bill to set up a Youth Conservation Corps along the lines of the old CCC.

During a speech at the University of North Carolina, members of the Tarheel student body thought they detected a familiar ring. Scheduled to speak on "Freedom and the Welfare State," Right-Winging **William F. Buckley Jr.**, 37, instead read an article he had written for *Playboy*, in which he paeaned his own brand of conservatism, scoured left-leaning Author Norman Mailer, and cast doubt on the virility of Critic Kenneth Tynan. Agreeing that Buckley had used his text once too often (his fee was \$1,000 for the same lecture in Chicago, another \$3,500 from *Playboy*), the speech-sponsoring Carolina Forum withheld Buckley's \$450 stipend until a more realistic secondhand price was negotiated.

Flouncing down to the footlights to sing *Take Back Your Mink* in a new Las Vegas production of *Guns and Dolls* was a Miss Adelaide whose show-pony strut, blinding blonde curls and 37-24-35 measurements have not changed since she was queen of the Fox lot in the '40s. Bouncy **Betty Grable**, 46, was back onstage for fun and profit—and besides, it was all so convenient. She and Bandleader Husband Harry James now live in Las Vegas ("I just report for the show at 8 and go home at 11"), where she has been playing golf and doing very little else for the past two years. "Exercise? Not really; all I get is climbing in and out of the golf cart."

Back in Warsaw after nine weeks in Rome attending the Second Vatican Council, **Stefan Cardinal Wyszyński**, 61, doughty primate of Communist Poland, chided the Gomulka government on excessive chariness with pocket money. Fumed the cardinal: "Each Polish bishop was allowed to take only \$5 with him, and that would not suffice even if we could live on pumpkin seeds."

Ill lay: Oklahoma's Democratic Senator **Robert S. Kerr**, 66, who entered Washington's Doctors Hospital with a virus infection, suffered a mild heart attack; former St. Louis Cardinals' Slugger **Rogers Hornsby**, 66, who entered the Chicago Wesley Memorial Hospital to have a cataract removed, was stricken with a slight stroke which affected his left arm and leg; Britain's Labor Party Leader **Hugh Gaitskell**, 56, in Hampstead's Labor-founded Manor House Hospital for treatment of a bad cold and a checkup on a possible lung complication.

MUSIC

La Stupenda

Sometimes Rossini wrote good operas poorly; sometimes he wrote bad operas well. The mind of a genius and the soul of a hack confronted him like matched pistols, and under the guns, he once wrote 28 operas in ten years. But now and then, while on vacation from himself, Gioacchino Rossini wrote a great opera, and at such times there was no one like him. "The glory of this man," wrote Stendhal in 1823, "is only limited by the limits of civilization itself; and he is not yet 32." That same year Rossini pushed civilization's limits back an inch or two with a chef-d'oeuvre called *Semiramide*, a Gold- en Age work of such immense demands that in the past 50 years even opera's stars have seldom dared to sing it.

For years after its debut in 1823, *Semiramide* was considered Rossini's crowning triumph. Written at fever pitch in just 33 days, it shines with *bel canto* flourishes—fluid melodies, runs, cadenzas, arpeggios—and a soprano role that is one of the most difficult in all opera. "*Semiramide*," says La Scala's artistic director, "is *Norma*'s grandmother." Much of the dramatic singing is in the most difficult vocal range, and the coloratura passages are burdened with drama. With the coloratura parts too dramatic and the dramatic parts too coloratura, it is simply too difficult: Paris saw it last in 1874. La Scala in 1881, New York in 1895.

Last week La Scala saw it again. In the impossible title role was the only soprano now living who could hope to get away with it—Australian Coloratura Joan Sutherland. The purity of her voice, its limpid, icy strength all along the scale, and its perfect intonation, seemed just right for the role, even though Sutherland's history



PRODIGY MAAZEL IN 1940

From all the world's podiums, a child's squeaky voice.



MAESTRO MAAZEL GROWN UP

of stolid woodenness onstage suggested trouble with *Semiramide*'s dark libretto (*Semiramide* falls in love with her Hamlet-like son before discovering his identity; the son kills her, mistaking her for an interloping lover). But Sutherland was unconcerned. Said the breezy diva: "I love playing the role of a wicked woman for a change instead of the insipid virgins that are my usual fate."

La Scala was packed for the revival, and though *Semiramide*'s faintly ridiculous drama was a 20th century disappointment, the crowd went home satisfied. In a breathtaking display of virtuosity, Sutherland hurtled her voice through the complex and difficult runs, taking triple trills and long legato passages with casual ease, embracing two long arias with fiery perfection. Onstage, she was a better actress than she had been before. Her characterization of *Semiramide* was marred only by her old trouble in pronouncing Italian—she could not be understood. But the La Scala audience was grateful to both Rossini and Sutherland. After the final curtain, it gave *La Stupenda* 28 curtain calls.

What Ever Happened to Little Lorin?

When he made his debut as conductor of the New York Philharmonic in 1940, Lorin Maazel was a plump little child, no taller than a cello and braver than a flute. "I have yet to prove my mettle," said the ten-year-old maestro after climbing down from the podium where he had proved himself a wizard. Last week, at 32, Maazel was again before the Philharmonic, a wizard with plenty of mettle, especially by his own reckoning. "I am considered," he proclaimed, "the leading conductor of my generation."



ROSS PICCARLANTI

SOPRANO SUTHERLAND IN "*SEMIRAMIDE*"
Of all operas, the most impossible.

Maazel is among the very few Americans who rank Maazel that high, but his appreciation of himself is widely shared in Europe, where, in the past few years, he has conducted more orchestras than most people could shake a stick at. He disappeared from American music in 1945 after six years as Little Lorin, the boy wonder. Adolescence—its fuzzy cheeks and squeaky voice—had done him in: "I lost my market value as soon as I ceased to be a monstrosity." Sobering up in Pittsburgh, he studied hard, learned the violin, became a linguist and left for Europe—at 22, a forgotten celebrity.

To Be a Prophet, Maazel was soon in Italy, plotting his comeback. "I took a long, cool look at conducting," he says. "Of course I liked the power and prestige of being a conductor—but did I really have anything to say?" After deciding that he did, he began to build his new career, using as touchstones his La Scala debut ("... the finest since Toscanini, they told me...") and his debut at Bayreuth, the Teutonic holy of holies. "I was the first American and the youngest man ever to appear there," Maazel says, "and it was beautiful." Soon he was second only to Herbert von Karajan as Europe's darling. And having triumphed over adolescence in Europe, he was eager to triumph over his painful memories of home. "It's great to be a prophet in your own country," he mused, "especially when you're already a prophet overseas."

But the critics were baiting their prodigy traps. After he made his November debut with the Metropolitan Opera, they sprang: "hand to mouth" conducting, said one, adding that Maazel is a martinet whose merciless, metronomic beat is, in fact, a mask that covers weakness and insecurity. Such talk may have momentar-

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ily quieted Maazel, but it did not shake his confidence. Last week at Philharmonic Hall, he led a Beethoven *Fifth Symphony* in which fate really did seem to knock at the door; under Maazel, the horns spoke high German, and the double basses, which before had hidden shyly in the hall's odd acoustics, danced like circus elephants. Maazel had made an impressive return.

To Be a Man. Gifted with absolute pitch and an IBM memory that swallows symphonic scores at a glance, Maazel conducts with clear, functional beauty, avoiding ostentation to such a degree that he occasionally loses the spirit of his work in his wish to perfect it. When a tenor faltered during Maazel's *Der Rosenkavalier*, the maestro coolly ignored him, pushing ahead with a relentless beat that humiliated the singer and ruined the song. But in the concert hall, his command of the orchestra is invariable, and his reading of the great scores is almost errorless.

With five more Met performances ahead of him and the strong echo of his successes with the Philharmonic behind, Maazel is full of the old *chutzpah* again. "I must say," he says eagerly, "that I'm proud of what I've done, not only for myself but for the image of the American artist abroad. Forget this expatriate business—the thing that matters is that one of my concerts in Prague, say, does more for good will than years and years of propagandizing by the embassy. People from the embassy have told me this." Musicians have told him so, too, but the Maazel they see most clearly is not the blushing ambassador. He is the young maestro who was called "Little Lorin" for so many years that he now insists on "Mr. Maazel," the austere young genius who in his zeal to become a man sometimes cannot still Little Lorin's sweet, boastful voice.

Welcome Back

Poor Dmitry—it seemed about time to give up on him. The great Shostakovich, whose *First* and *Fifth* symphonies had alerted the world to the genius of Russia's "20th century Beethoven," had for years been a musical bureaucrat, cranking out empty banalities in the name of "people's music"—a pathetic Pshawstakovich. Even the social realist critics he had tried so hard to please ever since Stalin had scolded him for bourgeois tendencies had shown little patience with the bombastic Leninism of his *Eleventh* and *Twelfth* revolutionary symphonies. Mocking rumor had it that in his *dacha* outside Moscow, Shostakovich would next write a Sputnik symphony, and after that, a Soviet soccer symphony.

Shock Effects. Last week Moscow heard what Shostakovich had composed instead, and the thin jokes vanished in a wave of applause. A masterful *13th Symphony* rang through the Moscow Conservatory with a power and daring that proved that 20 years of apologizing for the art-for-art beauty of his early work had not, after all, sapped Shostakovich's strength.



SHOSTAKOVICH & EVTUSHENKO
Fire rekindled.

The composer's inspiration was five poems by young Soviet Poet Evgeny Evtyushenko (TIME cover, April 13). Less a symphony than a symphonic cantata, the work evolves in a five-movement cycle, alternating choral recitations with interpretive orchestral comments, building in emotional power until it returns on the wings of ardor to the theme that set it going.

Song of Praise. The first movement is a scorching retelling of "Babi Yar," Evtyushenko's angry denunciation of Soviet anti-Semitism. Into a flowing dirge, chanted in solo and choral recitation, Shostakovich pours rafter-shaking eruptions of drums and orchestra, recapturing his old, uninhibited enthusiasm for color and excitement, rekindling the fire of Evtyushenko's poem. The second movement is based on "Humor," a poem that makes the point that tyrants cannot imprison laughter, and the music—perfectly in the spirit of things—becomes impish, light and gay. The third movement, on a poem about a lonely young girl, is softly lyrical. The fourth movement, on Evtyushenko's "Fears" (about the panicky Stalinist days), begins with an eerie trombone solo and builds to a chilling orchestral climax that suggests a pack of howling wolves. The final movement is a song of praise to nonconformists. "Forgotten are those who curved, remembered are those accused," Evtyushenko's poem says—good advice for Shostakovich.

The opening-night crowd understood the message perfectly. Grinning behind his round glasses, Shostakovich joined the orchestra for seven curtain calls. The ovation was more than a tribute to the work—it was a welcome back from watery-eyed submissiveness, and Shostakovich accepted it gladly. Shy Evtyushenko was eventually goaded onto the stage, and there, in triumph, he exchanged with Shostakovich a profound hug and kiss.

SURGERY

A Patch to Help a Heart

The two eleven-year-old girls in the suburbs of Denver felt sure they were strong enough to join their friends in Christmas play, but they were under doctors' orders to take it easy. Each of them had recently come out of the hospital after radical surgery for which their hearts had been stopped. And though theirs were rare cases, neither team of surgeons had known what the other was doing.

Ro Anne Campbell of Lakewood was only five when she was found to have a heart murmur. Doctors thought little of it, as such murmurs often disappear without treatment. But as Ro Anne grew, she had less and less energy. Diagnostic studies in 1959 at Denver's National Jewish Hospital showed that her heart's left ventricle had become enlarged by having to pump against the resistance of a narrowed aorta. She was too ill for an operation then. Even more disturbing, the doctors diagnosed Ro Anne's aortic abnormality as a form in which the great artery is narrowed just above the point where it leaves the heart, close to the aortic valve. This is such a rare condition* that in the U.S., only a scant half-dozen operations had been done to correct it.

A Cool 77°. By last Labor Day, Ro Anne seemed strong enough to undergo the operation, and Dr. Melvin M. Newman, 41, N.J.H.'s chief of surgery, was satisfied that recent advances in technique had made the procedure safe enough. On operation morning, Ro Anne got a general anesthetic. Then she was put in an ice bath. After 15 minutes, her temperature had dropped about 6° F. She was taken out of the bath and Dr.

Newman opened her chest. The surgeons saw the rare type of aortic narrowing they had expected, and decided to correct it by putting in a patch. They inserted tubes in the great veins near her heart and in a thigh artery, to hook her up to a heart-lung machine.

When Ro Anne's temperature dropped to 82°, her heart stopped beating. The pump was already doing her heart's work and also cooling her blood. It continued to do so while the surgeons put clamps on the aorta both above and below the constriction. Dr. Newman made an inch-long cut in the aorta's wall and stitched in a plastic (Teflon) gusset, two-thirds of an inch wide at the base. This made the great artery a uniform width from the aortic valve to its big bend. Ro Anne's temperature hit a low of 77°, then a double electric shock restarted her heart. The pump-cooler was disconnected, and Ro Anne's chest was closed. For the first time in her life, her blood had a normal, unobstructed flow from her heart to her entire body.

A Normal Life. By the rarest chance, Ro Anne Campbell had her operation while Patricia Karen Holten of Aurora was starting back to school after a speedy recovery from the same sort of surgery. And Patricia had a similar medical history: first a heart murmur, then gradually failing strength until an operation seemed unavoidable. But to the surgeons who opened her chest two years ago, her aortic narrowing seemed inoperable. Last summer Patricia went to Dr. Arthur E. Prevedel, 44, who put her into Children's Hospital in Denver. He worked plastic tubes through arm veins into both sides of her heart, injected a radiopaque dye and took X rays to get a clear picture of her narrowed aorta. Her operation differed only in technical details from Ro Anne's. Dr. Prevedel sewed in a similar Teflon patch, and Patricia went home nine days later.

Said Dr. Newman last week: "There seems to be no reason why Ro Anne should not live a normal life for a normal span." The same goes for Patricia.

An Exception Extended

In their long, frustrating search for drugs that can knock out viruses, medical researchers have almost always been stumped by one basic problem: any virus-killing chemical must penetrate the body's own cells, and it usually destroys those cells along with the virus particles lurking in them. When the first effective use of a drug against a viral disease was reported last winter (TIME, Feb. 16), it seemed like the exception that proves the rule. Idoxuridine, or IDU, was successfully used for ulcers of the cornea and nearby parts of the eye that have little or no blood supply and are relatively resistant to drug damage. The next question was whether the new drug would also kill the same virus, herpes simplex, when it infects parts of the body that have a normal blood supply.

Three doctors in Brighton, England, now think that it does. They have taken another short but promising step toward control of viral infections by using IDU against herpes simplex, the virus of fever blisters, in cases where the sores had broken out on the upper lip, nostril or cheek. Doctors usually dismiss cold sores as trivial, but the virus may cause a fatal inflammation if it spreads to the brain; it can cause blindness if it reaches the eyes. Some of the British patients already had corneal infections.

At first, the Brighton doctors report in the *British Medical Journal*, they tried hourly swabbing of cold sores with an IDU solution. Then they cut out the nighttime swabs to let the patients sleep. Finally the doctors switched to an ointment that was applied only four times a day. The results were equally good by all methods. The patients' recurrent cold sores had previously taken seven to 21 days to heal; now they cleared up in two to five days. Since anybody infected with herpes simplex usually carries the virus for life, though infection erupts only at intervals, the next step is to find out how long the IDU "cure" lasts.

* Technically known as supravalvular aortic stenosis; not to be confused with coarctation of the aorta (a far commoner condition), which is a narrowing of the aorta just beyond its "big bend" in the upper chest, several inches from the heart.



PATIENT CAMPBELL (LEFT)



SURGEON NEWMAN



SURGEON PREVEDEL



PATIENT HOLTEN



The Credo of DORAL BEACH

THE PHILOSOPHY BEHIND THE
HOTEL THAT WAS CREATED FOR THE
FORTUNATE FEW WHO CAN APPRECIATE
AND AFFORD PERFECTION

OPENING JANUARY 20th, 1963
ON THE OCEAN AT 48th STREET • MIAMI BEACH

The Doral Beach Hotel, first new luxury hotel on Miami Beach in seven years is more than just a new hotel. It represents a deliberate effort to gather the finest of appointments, the most elegant furnishings, the most exquisite settings, formerly found only in the traditionally great hotels of the world... and assemble them for you in one magnificent American hotel... the Doral Beach. ■ No words we may use can fully describe the richly hand carved furniture from Spain, the breathtaking mosaic entrance gallery from Italy, the brilliant sculptured lobby ceiling, worthy of a Michelangelo. ■ But the complete and exciting Doral story is told in a magnificent color brochure which we would be pleased to send you. When you have taken this "brochure-tour" through Doral, we suggest you make plans to participate in the gala Premiere Season of one of the great new resort hotels of the world... the Doral Beach on Miami Beach.

for further information please call our New York Office — PL 2-7117 or request the presentation brochure from Mr. Jean S. Suits, Executive Director

DORAL BEACH HOTEL

on the Ocean at 48th St. • Miami Beach, Fla.

Doral Beach Offers Unlimited Golf Privileges on two 18-Hole Championship Courses at its Companion Resort... the Equally Beautiful Doral Hotel and Country Club in Miami.

Alfred Kuskel, Ownership

IS YOUR 1963 ADVERTISING BUDGET GEARED TO THE 1963 WEST?

The time has come when the most populous state will
face the Pacific Ocean rather than the Atlantic.

The big tide is running West.

You can catch it at the flood with

Sunset

When California's first census was taken in 1850, the whole state and the Northwest Territory combined had about half the present population of San Francisco.

Now it's just a matter of days before California becomes the most populous state in the Union. Its retail sales passed New York's two years ago. It has long led in total home construction, car ownership. It has had more children for some time.

But California is only a symbol of great growth in every Western state. The West is growing $2\frac{1}{2}$ times as fast as the rest of the country, and now accounts for 25% of net growth in the U. S.

Why Invest More in the West?

This is a good time to ask yourself, "Are we spending enough in the burgeoning West? Are we spending where it will get the best, most solid results?"

These eight states now hold 13.7% of

the U. S. population, but they buy from 15 to 25% of a great many products and services: new homes, many foods, home furnishings, most garden products, many makes of automobiles. Putting it another way — invest more in the West to "match sales effort with sales potential." It's a rule we all automatically follow in directing salesmen. Why not in advertising?

Is Your Advertising in Tune With the "Western Way of Life"?

Surprisingly, in all the recent attention to the population boom West of the Great Divide, few reporters have stopped to consider the difference between cause and effect.

The cause of the West's growth is no mystery. Interview any group of newcomers — as *Sunset* does continuously. Its strongest magnet has been the different way of life produced by climate,

geography and a pioneering heritage. These in turn produce an atmosphere of excitement, opportunity, informality, and quick acceptance of new ideas. Any worthwhile study of Westerners soon uncovers a fundamental difference in attitudes.

These influence what Westerners like and what they buy. They prefer different colors, design their homes differently, buy more sport cars, station wagons, garden products, casual apparel, and many different foods. They travel far more.

When you advertise in a medium dedicated 100 per cent to the West, you are in tune with these preferences.

That brings you to *Sunset*, the West's own magazine.

Sunset's Only World is The West

A Los Angeles department store executive once said, while flying to Seattle,



"Sunset is the only magazine that speaks for the West, reflects its kind of living."

Sunset was born in the West. It has been part of the West since 1898, and over half those years as "The Magazine of Western Living." It is the *only* magazine which reflects and serves the needs of Western families on *every* page of *every* issue.

Sunset covers the interests which make up the distinctive satisfactions of Western living: homes, gardens, food and entertainment, travel and recreation. Sunset is a specialist, and sticks to its specialty.

Sunset discourages circulation outside the West and Hawaii—subscription prices are much higher, no frequency rates, and newsstand copies are not sold outside the area. Not that we're uppity. We discourage "outside" circulation because we write for the West and Hawaii alone. Circulation growth in the West is highly voluntary, with the result that *circulation revenues exceed sales costs*—one of the best proofs of audience quality.

This is one of the fundamental reasons why Sunset works wonders in the West and Hawaii for not only readers, but advertisers. We doubt if you'll find a medium anywhere that lives *closer* to its audience, exerts more *influence* on them, or gets more *response* from them.

The West Is Not All The Same

The West has many homogeneous qualities, but it also has some vast differences. Living in Portland is quite different from living in Phoenix, Seattle from San Diego, Salt Lake City from Honolulu.

This is why Sunset pioneered regional editions 30 years ago. Since 1932, our North, Central and South zone editions have changed editorial content as much as 30% to serve these local differences. Sunset maintains fully-staffed editorial offices in each of three Western zones and Hawaii. Every word in Sunset is staff-written to insure accuracy and uniform reporting. Our 45 editors total more than the Western editors of all major national magazines combined.

Many advertisers use these zone editions for localized marketing—but *all* advertisers benefit from their local penetration.

And so will you.

Sunset Readers are Volume Buyers and Innovators

Each issue of Sunset goes to more than 700,000 families in all the better neighborhoods of the West and Hawaii. Total readership: 2,000,000 adults.

Sunset hits the core of the "people who buy and take action" in the West. They are a tremendous market by themselves. Their penetrating influence on retailers, neighbors, and friends is proven time and time again.

Nine out of ten Sunset families own their own homes. Four of ten own second homes or property. One out of four remodel their homes each year. Their median income is 32% higher than the Western average. They spend more in food stores.

As customers for cars, petroleum products, and accessories, there are none better. They buy *twice* as many new cars as the Western average. 54% own two or more cars. They average almost 2,500 more car miles a year than the Western average.

They travel *beyond* the West, too. Over 50% of U.S. visitors to Hawaii are from the West, but travel to Hawaii by Sunset readers is *five times* the Western average. They take out many times more passports to destinations around the world.

They set the trends in all key phases of Western living.

Westerners Have Confidence in and React to Sunset

Go into any fine home in the West or Hawaii, mention magazines, and you'll hear about Sunset. Readers speak of it almost as a member of the family. As a housewife who moved from Minnesota to Los Angeles says, "Sunset has what we came out here for."

A Pacific Grove lady says, "I trust it completely because everything in it is written to help the reader."

Author Jessamyn West says, "I've enjoyed reading Sunset as I would enjoy reading the biography of a Western family. Sunset never loses sight of the land, of nature. The emphasis is not on the pride of possession, but on the *satisfaction* that the thing possessed gives."

Sunset's accuracy and lasting value are demonstrated by use of editorial articles in millions of Sunset Books, sold the

world over, and used in homes, schools and libraries.

Extremely high readership of advertising—by both men and women—is the pay-off for advertising agencies and their clients. Starch Comparative Studies over a 10-year period show that identical ads are read more thoroughly in Sunset than other magazines 7 times out of 10 in all categories.

Advertisers Have Confidence, Too

For years the only monthly consumer magazine which has carried more advertising than Sunset is Fortune. This is in spite of the fact that Sunset is strictly regional, and that 32 categories of advertising are not accepted by Sunset, including alcoholic beverages (excluding table wines), tobacco products, and many, many others.

This year advertisers have placed 1,524 pages of advertising in Sunset, an increase of 5.9% over 1961.

Many advertisers each month take advantage of the flexibility offered by Sunset's zone editions.

Is Your 1963 Budget Geared To The 1963 West?

The moment is historic. But more important, the center of marketing gravity is moving definitely Westward.

Are you spending enough to get your share of market in this fastest-growing, fastest-action region in America?

Are you spending it in the right medium to do the job? We invite you to take a fresh, hard look at an advertising medium that can take your product or service straight to the heart of the greatest marketing and profit opportunity in the world—in the friendly, helpful, colorful pages of "The Magazine of Western Living."



We interrupt our program to bring you the news.

17 hours of continuous news daily on WABC-FM/95.5 MC.

Have you heard the news?

WABC-FM has "stopped the music" because of New York's newspaper strike.

Now you can tune to WABC-FM any time during the day and hear a complete quarter hour newscast of the news missing from your local newsstand.

It is *good news* too, because WABC-FM has expanded its news writing and announcing staffs, all backed up by the world-wide facilities of ABC Radio News and WABC

Radio's New York news staffs.

If you are hungry for news, you'll find on WABC-FM...

- Complete 15-minute news reports every quarter hour; 7 AM to Midnight.
- Interesting features, all the doings around New York town.
- Final business news and market reports at 5:00, 5:15, 5:30 and 5:45 p.m.

The WABC-FM Continuous News service further supplements the already expanded news coverage being supplied by WABC—Radio 77 and WABC-TV Channel 7.

WABC-FM
95.5MC. NEW YORK

AN ABC OWNED RADIO STATION



LUTHERAN DEACONESS FALK

"Is it like being a Catholic nun?" "I don't know. I've never been a Catholic nun."



ECUMENICAL SISTERS OF DARMSTADT



EPISCOPAL SISTER IN HAITI

The Protestant Sisters

Men can join the ministry, but how can Protestant women give their lives to serving God? One way is to join a sisterhood. Today, although few laymen are aware of it, more than 60,000 women, mostly in Europe, have taken up the religious life within Protestantism, in organizations that range from convents of veiled nuns to mother houses of deaconesses devoted to public service.

Like Roman Catholic sisters and nuns, Protestant women seeking the religious life have a wide range of vocations to choose from. There are cloistered Benedictine convents in the Church of England whose nuns attend daily Mass and recite the monastic Divine Office in English. U.S. Methodist deaconesses, on the other hand, take no vows, dress in the latest fashions (if they care to), follow no rule, and work at such chores as teaching Sunday school and visiting the sick. Coming somewhere in between are the majority of Lutheran and Reformed deaconesses: most wear some sort of distinctive garb halfway between that of a nurse and a nun, promise to remain single as long as they are in the service of the church, and in their life strike a balance between prayer and service.

"A Helper of Many." Religious life for women has a long tradition in the Christian church. The Apostle Paul, in a letter to the Christians of Rome, commended "our sister Phoebe, a deaconess of the church at Cenchreae . . . for she has been a helper of many and of myself as well." Out of that beginning grew orders of deaconesses for service and of conventual nuns for contemplation. The great Protestant reformers of the 16th century rejected the ascetic ideal of post-Renaissance convents; serious thought of establishing some form of Protestant sisterhood is scarcely 150 years old.

Within the Anglican Communion, the Rome-admiring Oxford movement led, in mid-19th century, to a revival of both monks and nuns. The modern deaconess

movement began with the Rev. Theodor Fliedner (1800-64), pastor of a Lutheran parish in the German town of Kaiserswerth. Inspired in part by the Roman Catholic order of nursing sisters established by France's St. Vincent de Paul, Fliedner in 1836 drew up plans for a Protestant Association of Christian Nursing; by 1849 he had brought Lutheran deaconesses to France, Britain and the U.S.

The 25,000 deaconesses associated with the Kaiserswerth movement still serve primarily in hospitals, but other Protestant sisters undertake almost every ministerial duty short of celebrating the communion service. In Germany, Darmstadt's Ecumenical Sisters of Mary do missionary work among the poor, perform religious plays for pilgrim audiences, run a retreat house. Organized in 1946 to serve penance for Nazi crimes against world Jewry, the sisters eat breakfast standing up in commemoration of concentration-camp routine, recite special prayers on the eve of the Jewish Sabbath. Another German sisterhood, the Casteller Ring of Schloss Swanberg, has an intellectual apostolate: teachers all, the sisters of this order wear street clothes instead of habits, but make promises of chastity and recite community prayers in their own chapel.

Near to the Ministry. France's most famous religious center for Protestant women is a bustling combination of hospital, school, medical training center and convent at Reuilly in Paris. Best known as nurses, the Reuilly sisters run their own hospital, have a home and school for delinquent girls. A well-known Anglican sisterhood is the 100-year-old Order of St. Andrew, which runs a convalescent home and assists parish priests in West London. The ladies of the order are ordained both as deaconesses and sisters, and Mother Clare, their superior, says: "We are as near to being in the ministry as it is possible for women to be."

Although Pastor Fliedner himself es-

corted four Lutheran deaconesses from Germany to Pittsburgh in 1849, religious organizations for women never grew in the U.S. as prosperously as they have in Europe. The Methodist Church has only about 800 deaconesses, the various Lutheran groups fewer than 700. There are about 800 Protestant Episcopal sisters in 15 orders—most of them offshoots of English convents. Why the slow growth? "It's probably because American women have greater opportunities for education and a variety of vocations are open to them," says Sister Eleanor Falk, president of the Lutheran Deaconess Conference of America. "It's always been acceptable for women to work, and the marriage possibilities are much higher here."

Ecumenical Women. Many Anglican nuns are frank to admit their debt to Roman Catholic orders. Says one mother superior: "There's hardly any difference, fundamentally, between Anglican and Catholic nuns except that they are under the Pope and we are not." Most Lutheran deaconesses, even those who wear habits, are quick to emphasize the differences between their own work and that of Catholic sisterhoods. Says Sister Falk: "We are similar and different. But when someone asks me, 'Is it like being a Catholic nun?', my standard answer is, 'I really don't know. I've never been a Catholic nun.' Individually, many of the Protestant sisters have ecumenical leanings, and some Protestant mother houses have close and cordial relations with nearby Catholic convents. With ecclesiastical permission, Catholic nuns have visited Darmstadt to undertake retreats.

Although Protestant sisterhoods are now a permanent part of the church, only a handful of orders and mother houses require candidates to take permanent vows. The Kaiserswerth deaconesses, for example, are asked only to serve a minimum of three years, and many sisters do leave to marry or take jobs as laywomen. But thousands of others are permanently enthralled by the call of community, and spend their lives in Christian service.

SHOW BUSINESS

HOLLYWOOD

Forget the Incense

Lazarus was awakened from the dead last week in Utah. His tomb was a cave blasted into the side of a lofty butte. In 18° weather, flamethrowers sent balls of heat rolling over the flagstones in front of his nearby house so that the apostles could stand there barefoot without freezing to the rock. The apostles wore thermal underwear and sweat pants under their robes. Killing time, Martha of Bethany sat in the lap of the Apostle Philip while he read Friedrich Duerrenmatt's *The Pledge* and she read John Updike's *Rabbit, Run*.

All of this might have made an apt subject for contemplative derision had it not been for a solidly built man standing on a rock above the scene, wearing pale brown prescription glasses, a white lumber jacket, and a cowboy hat over hair that flew straight back like porcupine quills. This was George Stevens, beyond question the most respected and probably the most able director in the American film industry, whose reputation was assured by movies like *A Place in the Sun* and *The Diary of Anne Frank*. He is now risking it by betting that he can tell *The Greatest Story Ever Told* with such superior skill that audiences will quickly forget all the incense and nonsense of the traditional Hollywood Biblical epic.

Only Sprocket Holes. Stevens made *Shane*, too, deliberately including every major cliché of the oater: cattlemen v. sodbusters, gunfighters out of nowhere, a funeral, a Fourth of July party. Stevens found under each cliché its root truth as a primal element of life on the range, turning what could have been a routine but-

termilker into one of the greatest westerns ever told.

Similarly, with a cast of dozens, he now wishes to achieve the definitive account of the life of Christ on film. There have been some 40 others. But, says Stevens, "it seems to me there's never been a picture made about religion. There has been more true religion in nonreligious films than in so-called religious ones. We are doing simply the story of Jesus, with no interruptions for theatrical embroideries. Our contacts are with ideas rather than spectacle. No Salome dance. In no way does it resemble any other religious film—except the sprocket holes."

Ungentle Love. Much of the script is by Poet Carl Sandburg. It is the result of four years' research by Sandburg, Stevens and others, exhaustively noting details of Biblical Palestine's season and weather, topography and political geography. Stevens carries around a huge black volume that contains seven major translations of the words of Jesus. He may try out three or four in a single scene to see which sounds best when spoken and recorded. The original script—Fulton Oursler's best-selling book—has long since been submerged and forgotten. Only its gaudy title remains, which Stevens stubbornly clings to for dubious reasons, even though it inevitably calls to mind all the spectacles he is trying to forget.

Charlton Heston plays John the Baptist and John Wayne a Roman centurion. Those are brief and minor roles, however. There are no superstars in the major parts. Sweden's Max von Sydow (pronounced See-dove), whose considerable talent has heretofore been confined largely to Ingmar Bergman films, is Christ. He has a crew

cut and a short, stubbly beard. He wonders if he will ever be hired again after *The Greatest Story Ever Told* types him as the Son of God; but he worries more about his portrayal. He hopes to show "a new vision of Christ, a powerful man without the nursery kindness which Sunday schools perhaps tell you that he had. If love wants to create justice, it can't be gentle, and I think that is the way of love this Christ has to show. I think that's the kind of love Christ really preached. Love is not sentimental."

Shake the Theater. For all the seriousness of the production—and to some degree because of it—the present location shooting has an inevitably funny side. Jesus never smokes in front of the rest of the cast. A hired hand has been Cloroxing a rare white ass because it is not white enough for Jesus to ride into Jerusalem. The Holy City itself, with massive temples and twisting streets, now rises in the Utah desert. The apostles call it "Sardi's South." St. Matthew (Roddy McDowall) has photographs of Elizabeth Taylor pasted all over the walls of his bungalow; he is proud of them because he took them himself while playing Octavian to Taylor's Cleopatra in Rome.

When Von Sydow stood beside the River Jordan (actually the rushing Colorado) and said the Lord's Prayer, members of the crew fell to their knees. "The Man upstairs is looking out for our company," says one truck driver, "since we're shooting this picture about one of His relatives. The only time it has rained or snowed was on Sunday, the non-shooting day." Stevens occasionally raises his arms and says: "Bless you all."

But when all the pious flacks ("I think Mr. Stevens goes to church every day") are back in their ginning pools and the potted olive trees have been trucked back



DIRECTOR STEVENS



"THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD" ON LOCATION IN UTAH
Under every cliché, a root truth.



GARROWAY FINGERING THE SOLAR SYSTEM
What if children already know?

to Los Angeles, it is just possible that what remains will be a superior movie. "Our theme—compassion and man's humanity to man—is desirable to men of all faiths," says George Stevens. "I want to dramatize it so it will shake the theater."

TELEVISION

Professor Garroway of 21-Inch U.

"Pardon me while I move the earth here," says Dave Garroway. The unburied voice, with its familiar tone of deity, suggests that he could be taken literally. Actually, fingering a mobile of the solar system, peering owlishly at the cameras, Garroway has come back to television—and television is the richer for it.

He will return after an absence of 19 months, but not, for the moment, to a commercial network. An amateur astronomer and all-round science nut, he is the latest prize acquisition of National Educational Television, conducting a series called *Exploring the Universe* and managing the difficult feat of being entertaining without offending his subject. He is also pedagogical without offense to his audience. He explains science to adults, telling most of them what their children already know.

Forgotten Potato. He has aid. On one program he interviews Astronomer Harlow Shapley of Harvard and Physicist Philip Morrison of Cornell, expertly drawing both men into areas of their field that cannot help but fascinate laymen. Morrison thinks Shapley is hopelessly conservative when he says that there must be 100 million places in the universe that could support life, Morrison thinks there must be 100 million such places right here in our own galaxy. Shapley, for his part, seems to think the earth is a small and forgotten potato anyway. "On this little planet around a run-of-the-mill star on the edge of a galaxy," Shapley complains to Garroway, "we're out of touch."

Garroway's science series is almost completely taped and will be broadcast soon on NET stations all over the U.S., including the newly opened WNBT in Manhattan, which has already proved to once skeptical New Yorkers that educational

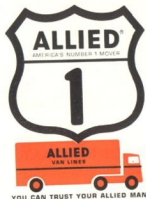
television can fill a need that commercial stations cannot afford to supply.

Educational is not quite the word for it, nor intellectual, nor documentary, nor esthetic, but with a subtle amalgam of these things, so-called educational television appeals strongly to what Garroway calls "a vital minority." The programs are sometimes tedious, with academic hair-splitting that would thrill a graduate seminar. But from Pablo Casals' cello lessons to Photographer Ernst Haas's presentations on *The Art of Seeing*, WNBT is so loaded with rewarding material that many people have bought television sets for the first time in order not to miss it. In its first three months, New York's Channel 13 has proved itself a 21-in. university, teaching everything from Japanese brush painting to elementary Russian.

Stars & Courage. Garroway gave up his *Today* show (NBC) after his wife's sudden death in 1961. He spent the first months of his absence brooding aimlessly until his four-year-old son, as he relates solemnly told him to "get up and walk until you drop"—undoubtedly the most sophisticated four-year-old remark of the year. He began working for the Atlantic Union, a movement that wants to achieve a closer union among the world's free democracies. And he spent a great deal of time at his country home far out on Long Island staring at the universe through his 21 telescopes. Television? "I watch the show that's on now," he says, pointing at the dead grey screen of a cold set in his living room.

Garroway used to raise his hand each morning like an Arapahoe chief and sign off with the word "Peace." He now raises his hand and says "Courage." He says he is ready to return to commercial TV, and his producing company intends to package at least two shows for next year. Meanwhile, he has been reading the general semantics of Alfred Korzybski. He would like to do a series for NET on semantics in an effort to break down what he describes as artificial barriers to communication among specialists in various fields. If he ever brings something like that off on TV, he will be pulling a lot of eyes over a lot of wool.

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van line



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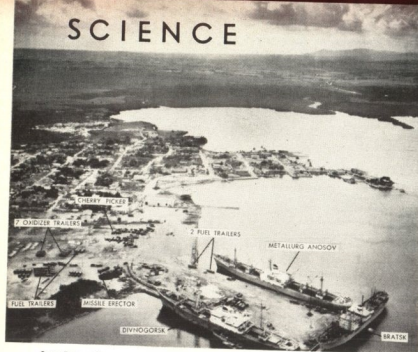
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1962 to over 213,000 shareholders
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ROBERT W. LADD, Secretary
200 Berkeley Street, Boston

SCIENCE



LOW-LEVEL PHOTOGRAPH OF CUBA'S MARIEL PORT, WITH DEPARTING MISSILERY
You can't quite see the pencils in the guy's shirt pocket.

RECONNAISSANCE

Cameras Aloft: No Secrets Below

The camera, I think, is going to be our best inspector.

—John F. Kennedy

The President's brief, blunt remark was deliberate understatement. For months, the Cuban skies have belonged to U.S. photo planes—soaring, diving, circling, appearing and disappearing on swift, unexpected tangents. Diplomats may still argue about on-site inspection of Cuban missile bases, but the question is almost academic. Under the prying eyes of U.S. aerial cameras, Cuba lies as exposed as a nude in a swimming pool.

No spot on the long, narrow island is more than 40 miles from the sea; it is an easy if unwilling subject for high-flying U-2s slanting their cameras on target from offshore. A single run along its spine rolls out the island on film like a topographical map. Supersonic jets scooting in at low altitude can roar over the horizon, photograph anything of interest, and be out to sea again in a total of five minutes.

Both high- and low-altitude photo work have improved spectacularly since World War II. Cameras that work at 20-mile altitudes—up where the U-2 flies—have 36 in.-100 in. focal lengths that turn their lenses into virtual telescopes. Some of them swing from side to side, reaching both horizons. But though the pictures show surprising clarity, their scale is still too small to illuminate fine details of objects on the ground. Clouds are another frustrating disadvantage; over humid Cuba they often spoil the view. High-altitude photography serves best for surveying large areas that cannot be reached by fast, low-altitude dashes from friendly territory.

Low Passes. The most spectacular work is done by supersonic jets flying at palm-top level. This is always dangerous; today's jets are so fast that they may crash into a mountain before their pilots even sense trouble. During a low pass, everything blurs into meaningless streaks, like a fence a few feet from a speeding car. Landmarks disappear. Objects to be photographed sweep under the plane and are gone in a fraction of a second.

Taking pictures under such conditions calls for elaborate equipment. Low-level photo planes carry five or more cameras pointing ahead, astern, to each side and directly down. Since the pilot is too busy with flight controls to give the cameras any attention, they must advance their own film and give each frame the proper exposure for the prevailing light conditions. Pictures can be shot singly, but the time over the target is so short that they are generally shot as quickly as possible, often many times a second.

To do all these things correctly involves an enormous amount of optical, mechanical and electronic complication. During low-level runs, the ground below sweeps past so fast that its image would smear on a stationary film, even during an exposure of one-thousandth of a second. A small computing device called an intervalometer must note the airplane's speed and altitude and figure out how fast the film must move to keep exact pace with the ground. Just before the shutter opens, a vacuum sucks the film against a perforated plate that starts moving at the necessary speed. After the shutter has closed, the vacuum releases the film so a new frame can be advanced, and the plate snaps back to its starting position.

Mambo to Moscow. When everything clicks just right, when due allowance is made for speed and altitude, and no ex-

cessive vibration gets through to the cameras, the pictures show incredible detail. In stereoscopic shots, everything seems to take on new clarity in three dimensions—boltheads, men's faces, footprints in the dirt. Said one photo expert, "You can't quite see the pencils in the guys' shirt pockets." The airborne cameras are usually long gone before anything at the target can be hidden away. The plane flies faster than the sound of its own approach, and it is too low to be spotted by radar. Men on the scene do not know that their pictures have been taken until the plane is gone and its trailing shock wave has hit them.

While airborne cameras are crisscrossing Cuba, more dignified electronic snooper planes circle the island. Some, with their bulky radar antennas, look like a fish that has just swallowed a turtle, but their sensitive radar pictures sometimes reveal things that photographs miss. Other snoopers are loaded with electronic "black boxes" that can record every electronic signal emanating from Cuba—from mambo music to messages for Moscow. No ground-based radar can search the sky without being recorded. Even hand-carried walkie-talkies can be heard by the bug ears in the sky.

Taking pictures of Cuba today is a relatively leisurely business, but under actual war conditions, information about the enemy is needed as quickly as possible. To meet this need, some low-flying photo planes develop their own films, using a processing system that works wholly automatically, keeps itself at the right temperature, and is not bothered by the plane's wildest gyrations. When the plane lands, the film can be examined at once for news of the enemy's doings.

Even faster is a system that develops the films, scans them with a fine-definition TV camera and transmits the pictures to home base while the plane is still in the air. Some of these systems are fitted into small, fast, unmanned airplanes that can be sent under radio control into a hurricane of enemy fire or through a radioactive cloud.

Pictures taken at night are sometimes more revealing than those taken in day-



time. In some cases, long exposures with sensitive film and light-intensifying devices can take satisfactory shots in moonlight or even starlight. But it is more common to illuminate the target, usually by a powerful flash bomb dropped by parachute and exploded far below the plane. A shield keeps the brilliant light from reaching the camera directly, but the first light reflected from the ground triggers a photocell to open the camera's shutter. If there are no lights on the ground to fog the film, the shutter can be opened before the flash bomb explodes.

Skilled PIs. The best pictures taken during the Cuban crisis showed missiles and launching devices that even laymen could recognize, but most information is extracted from films by an elaborate system of analysis. Military PIs (photo interpreters) are carefully trained to look for hints that point to important hidden information—a picture showing tracks leading into an apparently impenetrable thicket, perhaps a truck parked near a visible road, or a large rectangular object showing vaguely through foliage. Only after careful study can the PIs turn such clues into knowledge of a carefully camouflaged strongpoint.

As they pry and peer to penetrate concealment, the interpreters often depend on infra-red light. When fresh green foliage is cut and used to hide something, the chlorophyll in the leaves changes quickly into a substance that is easily recognizable if illuminated by infra-red. Such so-called "black" light can even show dying leaves where men have hacked their way through jungle only hours before. Another kind of infra-red photography reveals warm objects, such as heated underground chambers or recently used trucks parked under trees.

The most intricate photo systems may not be needed in Cuba, but the PIs will still use all their skills to keep tabs on military activity there. Missiles can be hidden in caves, for example, and Cuba has more than its share. But caves seldom have roads leading to their mouths. If a PI spots the track of a heavy vehicle leading to a mountainside, he will refer to earlier pictures of the same area to



FLIP SCHULKE—BLACK STAR
RF-101 VOODOO RECONNAISSANCE PLANE
All over when the shock wave hits.

find how long ago the tracks were made. Fresh tracks may point to a cave-dwelling missile that calls for that necessary next step after photography: on-site inspection.

Seldom is the PI's work so dramatic. Mostly they check photos of Cuba's monotonous plains and cane fields, looking for signs of new activity. A car parked near by a peasant's thatched shack is the sort of thing that will attract their attention. So is an oil slick on a lagoon. They will strain to spot all major movements of men. Every acre of Cuba has long since become familiar to the PIs. If any acre changes in the slightest, it will come under suspicion.

NUCLEAR ENGINEERING

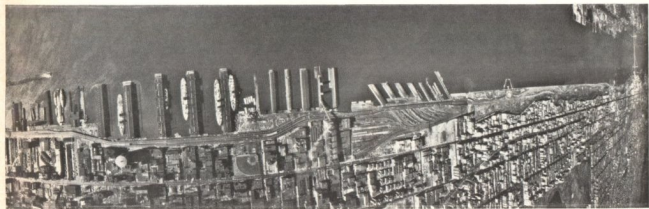
Atoms for Sea Water

The problem is old and tantalizingly difficult; it has baffled man's best technology. But a solution would be as valuable as the elusive gold that beckoned to ancient alchemists. So scientists go right

on searching for a practical system for converting sea water to fresh water. For all their efforts, though, water from conventional distillation plants is still too expensive to be used anywhere except at isolated military posts or desert oil centers. The freeze-separation process, which removes fresh water as ice crystals, may some day prove more economical, but the cheapest water that it promises will cost 50¢-80¢ per 1,000 gallons. The price is high for municipal use, and out of the question for irrigation.

A far more satisfactory system, says Physicist R. Philip Hammond of Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory, could be built around large nuclear reactors. In the magazine *Nucleonics*, Hammond explains that as reactors increase in size, the heat that they produce becomes cheaper and cheaper. Steam generated by a 10 million-kw. reactor costs only one-quarter as much as steam from a 1,000,000-kw. reactor. The necessary uranium fuel is relatively cheap, and most of the cost of running a nuclear reactor involves a variety of other items. But the cost of many of these increases only slightly as the plant gets bigger.

A 25 million-kw. reactor would produce heat cheaply enough for the sort of seawater distillery Physicist Hammond would like to use. But no such reactor has ever been built or seriously contemplated. The biggest one under construction in the U.S., at Bodega Bay north of San Francisco, will generate slightly more than 1,000,000 kw. of heat. For producing electric power, says Hammond, there is no present need for anything larger. But he is sure that the monsters he has in mind can be constructed without trouble. A 25 million-kw. distilling plant would suck in a river of sea water and gush out 1 billion gallons of fresh water a day at about 10¢ per 1,000 gallons. This is enough for a city of 4,000,000 people, and the cost is just about what New York City pays for water brought down by gravity from the rainy Catskill Mountains only 70 miles away. The price remains prohibitive for irrigation, but cities in arid districts are glad to pay even more to slake their thirst.



FAIRCHILD DEFENSE PRODUCTS
TWELVE-MILE STRIP OF NEW YORK CITY'S HUDSON RIVER WATERFRONT, MADE BY 180° SCANNING CAMERA FROM 4,300 FT.
Every acre comes under suspicion.

EDUCATION

COLLEGES

A Thinking Reed

The story is wrong—and it infuriates Reed College all the more because Reed, a place that goes for beards, guitars and sandals, is just unconventional enough that the yarn sounds as though it might be true. The story is often cited in two cities: in Portland, Ore., Reed's home town, and Moscow. In the Russian capital, not long ago, a Kremlin guide halted some U.S. professors at the tomb of U.S. Communist John Reed and repeated the legend once more, "Here," he said, "is the founder of one of your colleges."

John Reed, a rich boy from Portland, had nothing to do with Reed College. He went to Harvard and loved it. William T. Foster, a poor boy from Boston, had everything to do with Reed. He went to Harvard and hated it. Foster in 1911 became the first president of Reed, which had been founded with \$1,500,000 left by the widow of Simeon G. Reed (no kin of John), a Columbia River shipping magnate. Foster deliberately made Reed the informal, freewheeling opposite of then snooty, monolithic Harvard.

Top 2%. Now, at least in scholarship, the two schools are more alike than different. With its 23 buildings on 92 acres, Reed is a tiny college of 789 coed students. With its low faculty pay and paltry endowment of \$4,500,000, it is among the respectable poor of U.S. education.



PRESIDENT SULLIVAN



STUDENTS IN CAFETERIA



AT LECTURE



IN BOOKSTORE

EDWARD Y. LEE

Yet by stern resolve and heroic dispensing of scholarship money (\$250,000 a year), Reed is intellectually one of the nation's richest campuses. Reed has no other reason for being. "The only attraction here is intellectual activity," says one professor. "There is no other way to lead a satisfactory existence at Reed."

As one result, Reed is often said to have the "smartest body of undergraduates in America." This year's average Reed freshman ranked in the top 4% of all U.S. students taking college board exams; one-third of the class was in the top 5%. Reed leads the country in ratio of Rhodes scholarships to male graduates (1 to 71), in percentage of graduates winning Woodrow Wilson fellowships, and in percentage of graduates who have gone on to become college and university teachers, notably in science. Just for variety, Reed also lists such odd alumni as a talented writer who became a convicted stickup artist, a union organizer who went on to translate the *Iliad*, and the Zen-loving model for one of Novelist Jack Kerouac's chief characters.

Most Reed students come from California, followed by Oregon, Washington and New York. The universal lure is Reed's blend of social and academic freedom. "Dad dreamed of Caltech," says one boy from Los Angeles. "I didn't want to leave out the humanities, and Portland is a convenient 1,000 miles from home." The dominance of outsiders is one of Reed's chief problems with Portland. Harvard-trained President Richard H. Sullivan on the one hand exults in his

students' hot loyalty to "the Reed community," and on the other laments their disdain for Portland. "We're snobs," says one girl.

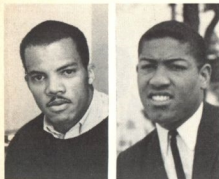
Fighting Injustis. In conservative Portland, Reed was suspect from the day President Foster descended on it with his pacifism, social conscience and simplified spelling (*dout, injustis*). His students were soon questioning everything from the effect of vaudeville on children to anti-German hysteria in World War I. Reed is still that way. Portland cops once jailed a Reed student for reading Shelley by moonlight on campus; next night 20 Reed students did the same on a Portland street corner. Hardly a strike goes by in Portland without some Reed student getting involved and even arrested.

Reed is so free that it runs completely on the honor system, from exams to evening "intervisitation" between boys and girls in the dormitories. Reed is so anti-organization that it has no fraternities and only the most tepid intercollegiate athletics—a dart competition with a Catholic seminary, a basketball game with the University of Oregon's dental school. The usual weekend diet is study, study, study.

Needed: Cash. Reed students get no grades until graduation; the faculty of 96 meets quarterly to review students' work and report the credit hours they deserve. Classes are small; electives are few. Science and humanities get equal stress in such ways as a senior seminar that attempts a whole vision of learning. Under a new plan, students can sail through in three years or plod through in five. They still face stiff junior-year qualifying exams, must write senior theses, Recent titles range from "Metal Ion Inhibition of Ribonuclease" to "Gerard Manley Hopkins: Intrinsically Inspiring."

Last year Reed was one of eight liberal arts colleges, and the only one in the West, to get a 2-for-1 matching grant from the Ford Foundation, giving it a \$1,400,000 start toward an ambitious ten-year drive for \$20 million. Having just put up several science buildings, it has work ahead to meet its goals. If this requires a figurative shave and haircut to impress donors, Reed students want none of it, and President Sullivan jealously guards their freedom to be both different and excellent.

Freedom to be different is also freedom to be excellent.



WIDEMAN SANDERS
Breaking a Rhodes block.

SCHOLARSHIPS

Two for the Fight

Rhodes scholarships for study at Oxford were four years old in 1907 when the Pennsylvania selection committee chose a Harvardman with top honors but a black skin. In hot protest, Southern winners bearded the trustees in London, but Empire Builder Cecil Rhodes had clearly provided that no one be "qualified or disqualified on account of his race or religious opinions." Off to Oxford went Alain Locke, the first U.S. Negro Rhodesman, who was a noted philosophy professor at Howard University before his death nine years ago. Not until last week had any other U.S. Negro won a Rhodes scholarship.

This year not one but two of 32 U.S. Rhodesmen are Negroes. Culled from 544 formidable candidates nominated by colleges across the country, they had to meet Cecil Rhodes's requirement that each of his scholars be "the best man for the world's fight." Few young men have already fought so well:

► John E. Wideman, 21, the son of a Pittsburgh waiter, is a senior majoring in English literature at the University of Pennsylvania. Wideman won the campus creative-writing prize, last month got his Phi Beta Kappa key, this year captained Penn's undefeated basketball team. Last week, hours after hurdling the Rhodes selection committee, Captain Wideman led Penn to victory over Vanderbilt, topped his team's scoring with 18 points. His Oxford agenda: language and literature in order to teach college English.

► Joseph Stanley Sanders, 20, born in a south Los Angeles slum, is the son of a city garbage-truck driver. Stan's big brother Ed chose one way up—boxing—and died after being knocked out in his ninth pro fight. Stan's way led to top marks at mostly Negro David Starr Jordan High School, thence to a full athletic scholarship at Whittier College, where his size (6 ft., 4 in., 204 lb.) and blinding speed (9.8 sec. for the 100-yd. dash) made him an All-America end in small-college football. He also kept A-minus grades in his political science major, was student-body president. Turning down pro football offers, Stan will pursue Oxford's famed "PPE" (philosophy, politics, economics), aims to become a lawyer. He is Whittier's first Rhodes scholar.

UNDERGRADUATES The Politically Disengaged

In most countries, youth gets passionately political when it tastes higher education and rapid social change. Yet American collegians, taken as a whole, remain unconcerned: even the current political revival on U.S. campuses probably does not involve more than a tenth of all students. What feeds this peculiar American trait, and will it ever change?

The question is asked in the Phi Beta Kappa magazine *American Scholar* by Kenneth Keniston, a Rhodes scholar and Harvard junior fellow, whose brilliant reconnoitering of psychology, philosophy and political science at Harvard led him to focus on youth "alienation." Now a professor of psychology at Yale Medical School, Keniston as a result has become a top scholar of the oddly American dilemmas of growing up.

Not Worth Rebuffing. What helped make young Americans apolitical in the first place, says Keniston, was the absence of a feudal aristocracy to resent and smash. During the rapid industrialization after the Civil War, for instance, the young could easily see themselves rising from rags to riches in a world that rewarded hard work, not rebellion. Now the "image of youth as an apprenticeship for upward mobility is waning," to be replaced by a self-centered style of behavior that Keniston calls "youth culture." It has many forms—the beatnik, the delinquent, the suburban adolescent—but all have in common a "lack of deep commitment to adult values," including politics.

The young often do not regard their parents' conception of the world as even worth rebuffing. Instead, youth culture provides a moratorium in "growing up" to be like one's parents. It includes both the hedonism of beer-and-twisting at Fort Lauderdale and the smugness of those who hit 800 on the college board exam. It respects love, decency, tolerance. It leads to the "privatism" of early marriage and big families as a substitute for big careers. Perhaps it also leads to the Peace Corps—in one sense, the flower of youth culture—but certainly it does not lead to the political barricades.

Fear of Being Taken In. To Keniston, who feels that "true politics" should indeed concern collegians, a key deterrent is campus politics. By dealing only with trivia, he says, student government subtly argues that only "omnicompetent officials" have the wisdom to make real policy decisions. Even more subtle is an echo from the McCarthy era—no fear of speaking out, but fear of being taken in. Given the abiding American fear of being a sucker, says Keniston, McCarthy's allusions to "unwitting dupes" still make collegians wary of offbeat ideas.

If collegians are so disengaged, what accounts for the recent rise of campus conservatives? They represent "the displaced apprentice," argues Keniston. Typically, they come from small conservative towns. Feeling out of date on a sophisticated campus, they repudiate its liberal values to save self-esteem. Liberals, he

finds, fall mostly into "single issue groups"—usually "academic" students whose concern to ban this or that stems largely from high intellectual awareness. Such bright youngsters, the fruit of rising admission standards, are all for such unexceptionable American values as peace, equality and freedom. They just want to carry them out. So they picket or parade for disarmament or civil rights, and the really curious thing is their political style—"restrained, reflective, cautious, intellectual and even pedantic."

ENDOWMENT

Ford Showroom

Since 1960, the Ford Foundation has seeded 37 U.S. colleges and universities with \$127.5 million in matching grants aimed at prodding their friends to kick in even more. Last week the Ford family of fine universities rose by two with the addition of Brandeis (\$6,500,000) and



SACHAR TOPPING
Prodding friends to kick in.

Southern California (\$6,000,000).^{*} Each school gets an immediate Ford payment. To get the rest, each must in three years raise \$3 for \$1 of Ford cash.

► Brandeis, the nation's first Jewish-sponsored nonsectarian liberal arts university, has in only 14 years created a major U.S. campus in Waltham, Mass. Now it needs a war chest to lure top scholars, notably in its weak departments of economics, philosophy, comparative languages. The library of 100,000 volumes needs strengthening, as does research in humanities. The new grant, says President Abram Sachar, "does for our economic stability what Phi Beta Kappa accreditation did for our academic stature."

► U.S.C., biggest private university in the West, is striving to change its Rose Bowl hue in favor of academic touchdowns. Under way is a 25-year master plan priced at \$166 million. The Ford money will help raise a new science building (particularly for physics), hire more faculty to help boost graduate-student enrollment. Said President Norman H. Topping: "It will enable us to move forward much faster than we expected."

^{*} Earlier beneficiaries: Brown, Denver, Johns Hopkins, Notre Dame, Vanderbilt, Stanford. The 29 colleges that have got grants range from Amherst to Whitman.

SPORT

Pressure & Percentages

Sitting in the University of Cincinnati's Nippert Stadium one June night in 1960, a stocky, crew-cut man gloomily watched a lanky, 6-ft., 5-in. Negro walk up to collect his diploma. The spectator's name was Ed Jucker, and he had just been named Cincinnati's basketball coach. The Negro's name was Oscar Robertson, and he was the best college basketball player of his time. Graduating with "The Big O" were two other starters from a flashy squad that ranked No. 2 in the nation the season before. "I was sick," recalls Jucker. "Our tickets were all sold out for 1961. Our opponents were thirsting for revenge. And I sat there and thought, 'There go 55 of our 87 points a game.'"

"If It Didn't Work." With Robertson in the line-up, Cincinnati was a run-and-shoot team that delighted fans with its hipper-dipper attack—but never won a national championship. When Jucker took over, Cincinnati abruptly became deliberate and defense-minded. "I asked myself where I was going to make up all those points," he says. "I decided that maybe if we gave up only 40 points a game, we wouldn't need to score much. But I knew I was asking for trouble. If it didn't work, I was dead." It worked so well that Jucker's Bearcats have lost only five games out of 68, won two straight N.C.A.A. championships, and are strong favorites to win a third. Last week, beating stubborn Dayton 44-37, No. 1-ranked Cincinnati won its seventh game and 25th

in a row—longest winning streak in college basketball.

An assistant at Cincinnati before moving up to the top job, Jucker, 45, is a master of such complicated tactics as the Backdoor Trap and the Swing-and-Go. plays designed to spring a Cincinnati player, all alone, under the enemy basket. He dotes on "the science of percentage basketball," computes the mathematical odds on the success of every maneuver he orders the Bearcats to make on court. Methodical on offense, Cincinnati concentrates on ball control, passing the ball back and forth, patiently waiting for an enemy defense to make the error that will leave a Bearcat player open for a "high-percentage" shot within 15 ft. of the basket. "On defense," says Jucker, "we try to pressure opponents into a pattern they are not used to playing. We want them to play another game, a game they don't know."

Elbows & Springs. Most topflight college teams rely primarily on the all-round wizardry of one gifted player. Kentucky has its Cotton Nash, Duke has Art Heyman, and pre-Jucker Cincinnati had Robertson. This year's Bearcat squad has no one player whose talent towers over the rest; instead, it is a well-coordinated collection of specialists. Center George Wilson is a 6-ft., 8-in. giraffe from Chicago who turned down 80 other college offers to go to Cincinnati; his job is to control the backboards, and his sharp elbows have helped him pull down 81 rebounds so far this year. Forward Tom Thacker, "the tallest 6-ft., 2-in. player in basketball," is so spring-legged that he can get up above the 10-ft.-high basket and "dunk" the ball with both hands—just as the pros' 7-ft. Wilt Chamberlain does. Forward Ron Bonham (6 ft. 5 in.) is a bull-shouldered marksman whose delicate push shot is accurate from as far away as 20 ft., and whose free-throw record (93%) is the best on the squad. Guards Tony Yates (6 ft. 1 in.) and Larry Shingleton (5 ft. 10 in.) are the playmakers and the key men in the Cincinnati defense. "Yates," says Jucker, "is the greatest defensive player in college basketball."

The notion that Cincinnati might go an entire season undefeated, particularly in the tough Missouri Valley Conference (other schools: Bradley, Wichita, St. Louis, Drake, Tulsa, North Texas State), has never crossed Coach Jucker's mind—or so he says. But it sometimes occurs to rival coaches. "I saw Cincinnati beat Kansas," says Joe Swank, whose own Tulsa team boasts a 5-0 record, "and they just looked invincible. I couldn't sleep after I watched them play."

The Beefstakes

For the optimists in the three-year-old American Football League, dreams sometimes get in the way of reality. "The two top teams in this league," boasts Houston Quarterback George Blanda, "are strong



DALLAS' BELL
His limit was the moon.

enough to take on anybody in the National Football League, except maybe the Green Bay Packers." Most A.F.L. coaches admit that this is baloney. "Lord, they'd all massacre us," says Denver's Jack Faulkner. But there is one contest in which the fledgling pro league is a match for its older rival: bidding for the services of this year's graduating college stars. Last week the A.F.L. was throwing money around with such hearty abandon—and picking up so much brawn—that the quality of its football should show notable improvement in a few years.

"I believe that you can get almost anything you want," says Minnesota Tackle Bobby Bell, 22, "if you want it bad enough." Bell weighs 214 lbs., stands 6 ft. 4 in., and is quick enough to run 100 yds. in 10.4 sec.; he made everyone's All-America, and the N.F.L.'s Minnesota Vikings wanted him enough to offer \$18,000 a season for three years. But the A.F.L.'s Western Champion Dallas Texans wanted him so badly that they gave Bell everything he demanded: a six-year, no-cut contract that calls for a salary of \$25,000 a year—about \$10,000 more than most veteran linemen get. Owned by Oilman Lamar Hunt, the Texans also spirited away the No. 1 selection of the Philadelphia Eagles: Michigan State Guard Ed Budde. Budde's salary: an estimated \$15,000 a year. Not to be outdone, the Buffalo Bills picked off two more Michigan State stars: Center Dave Behrman, No. 1 draftee of the Chicago Bears, and Fullback George Saines, No. 6 choice of the Los Angeles Rams. Then the Bills outbid the Bears for Notre Dame Linebacker Ed Hoerster, topped the Green Bay Packers' offer to Notre Dame Quarterback Daryle Lamonica.

By week's end, the eight-team A.F.L. already had half of its first-round draftees under contract for the 1963 season, compared with five of 14 for the N.F.L. The biggest money fights are still to come—over college stars who are playing in post-season bowl games, cannot sign binding



CINCINNATI'S JUCKER & TEAM
His opponents can't sleep.

pro contracts until after the holidays. The top prizes on the auction block are Mississippi Tackle Jim Dunaway, Alabama Center Lee Roy Jordan and Louisiana State Halfback Jerry Stovall, all first-stringers on TIME's pro-picked All-America, and all No. 1 draft choices. "For those three," says an A.F.L. official, "the moon's the limit."

The End for Eddie

To his 20-ft.-square world, Heavyweight Eddie Machen brought unquestioned skill and uncommon pride. A strong, lithe Negro from Redding, Calif., Machen was no classic heavyweight—only 23 of his 41 victories were by knockouts—but he was easily the most talented boxer in a division that was dominated by a bunch of classless pugs. He taunted opponents gleefully ("What's the matter—can't you hit me?"), beat them with eye-catching combination punches. Until 1958 he was undefeated; he ranked as the No. 1 challenger and seemed sure to get a crack at the title held by Floyd Patterson. Then Machen had one dreadful fight. Traveling to Sweden, he took on little-known Ingemar Johansson, was standing idly in mid-ring when Johansson unloaded his "thunder and lightning" right hand and flattened Machen with a flash first-round knockout.

Eddie Machen was never quite the same afterwards. Unable to get good fights, he had money troubles, suffered severe fits of depression. When he did fight, Machen showed enough of his old form to climb back until he again ranked as the No. 1 challenger—but a title fight for a man knocked out so easily seemed far away. Heavyweight Champion Sonny Liston might agree to fight, but would anybody come to see it? Fortnight ago, on a highway near Vallejo, Calif., a state policeman found Machen in a parked car with a loaded gun, muttering about committing suicide. Bundled off to Napa State Hospital, he went berserk, knocked out two attendants. Last week, described by doctors as an "acute schizophrenic," his boxing career apparently at an end, Eddie Machen, 30, was committed to a mental hospital.

"Hey, Dancer!"

The richest farmer around New Egypt, N.J., has not tilled a field since he was in his teens, and the only crops that grow on his 166 acres are grass, alfalfa and hay. But Stanley Dancer is no gentleman farmer. He is up at dawn, rain or shine, employs a staff of 27, meets a weekly payroll of \$2,200 and personally markets his product all the way from New York to Florida and California. At 35, Trainer-Driver Dancer is the top man in U.S. harness racing.

Most successful of three racing brothers (the others: Vernon, 39, and Harold, 50), Stanley Dancer drove his first sulky at 17 at New Jersey's back-country Freehold Raceway. He wore borrowed silks, splurged \$200 of 4-H Club prize money on a filly pacer, and lost the race. But the bug was there—and within five years, the

man who loaned him the racing outfit was working for Dancer.

In his late teens, Dancer worked as a groom, mucking out stalls at New York's Roosevelt Raceway, and got himself a cot in the racetrack's tack room to cut expenses. Married at 20, he borrowed \$250 from his bride to buy a crippled seven-year-old trotter named Candor that he patiently nursed back to health and trained on snow-covered bridle paths in New Jersey. Candor repaid him by winning \$12,000 in three years, and Dancer built a five-room ranch house at New Egypt.

After that, every horse Dancer touched seemed to grow wings. He spent \$1,800 for a lame pacer named Volo Chief, won \$36,000, and added a two-bedroom wing to his house. Today, Dancer's Egyptian Arabs boasts a heated swimming pool, fireproof barns, and air-conditioned dormitories for the stable hands. The 55



MICHAEL COPRANI

TRAINER-DRIVER DANCER & SU MAC LAD
His horses grow wings.

horses in his pastures are valued at more than \$4,000,000, and Dancer employs a fulltime bookkeeper to keep track of operating expenses that amount to \$350,000 a year.

In a stodgy sport dominated by older men, Dancer is still regarded as something of an upstart. But the \$2 betters who jam the Eastern tracks admire Dancer's aggressive racing tactics ("I like to get out front fast and stay there"), crowd the paddock before each race pleading: "Hey, Dancer! You feelin' O.K. tonight? Hey, Dancer! Win us a few, huh?" His eight-year-old gelding, Su Mac Lad, has won more money (\$567,840) than any other trotter in history, in 1961 became the only U.S. horse to win the Roosevelt International, and two weeks ago was named 1962's Harness Horse of the Year. Henry T. Adios, another Dancer-trained colt, is this year's pacing champion, was runner-up to Su Mac Lad in the Horse of the Year voting.

The other horses in Dancer's stable did their bit too: by week's end, Trainer-Driver Dancer had won 122 races, and his 1962 winnings totaled \$950,000.

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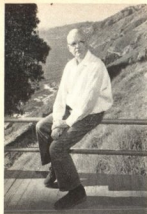
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ARCHITECT OWINGS & WIFE

MODERN LIVING

CONSERVATION

The Big Sur Saved

"There's a lot of loose talk about this being the most beautiful spot in the world," mused Architect Nathaniel Owings last week. "Well, it is."

More and more people are coming to agree with him about the stretch of California coastline known as Big Sur, thereby causing Architect Owings and his fellow settlers much mental anguish. He and the settlers were glad to have people look on Big Sur's beauty. But if too many lookers decided to stay, it would no longer be worth looking at. Today, thanks to a combination of thoughtful foresight and democratic procedure, the residents of Big Sur are breathing easier.

Untamed & Drenched. The first Californians, the Spanish, called it *El Sur Grande*, the Big South—a wild and wonderful coastline that begins 150 miles south of San Francisco where the Santa Lucia mountains plunge vertiginously into the foam-fringed Pacific, then soars and tumbles along 72 miles of redwood-studded promontories, bare earth cliffs and sandy beaches to San Luis Obispo, 200 miles north of Los Angeles. And while most of the California coast was sprouting pink motels, filling stations, and the cantilevered eyries of the rich, this stretch of Monterey County kept its rugged beauty.

Main reason was that the Big South, like an untamed stallion, does its best to shake men loose. Eighty-mile-an-hour winds roar and whistle in its crags and canyons, rain drenches it (sometimes as much as 72 in. in three months), earthquakes shudder through the ground, and termites thrive and multiply. The people who came to such a country and stayed were, first of all, hardy, lonely pioneers and, secondly, oddball fugitives from the world of modern convenience.

Novelist Henry (*Tropic of Cancer*) Miller settled at Big Sur in 1944, found it a place "of grandeur and of eloquent silence," and attracted a group of pre-beatnik sandal wearers of all sexes, who gathered evenings for drinks and folk dancing at Nepenthe, once the house of

Orson Welles and Rita Hayworth but now the region's most famous and almost only tavern, run by an intellectual refugee from San Francisco named Bill Fassett. Then came another brand of fugitive to Big Sur's beauty, such as retired Editor-Publisher William L. Chenery, ex-Diplomat-Journalist Nicholas Roosevelt, a cousin of Teddy, a Roman Catholic order of monks called Hermits of New Camaldoli, and Architect Owings, co-founder of the huge architectural firm of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill.

Master Plan. The population is still sparse—less than 700 in some 125,000 acres. But alert Big Sureans could discern the beginnings of encroachment: Carmel Highlands, just above Big Sur, has been blotted by free-for-all development, and San Luis Obispo to the south is a well-known eyesore. Tourism began to boom; in 1952 only 2,500 tourist cars passed through Big Sur on an average summer Sunday; in 1961 it was up to 6,000, and last year 8,863 cars were turned away at Pfeiffer-Big Sur State Park for lack of camping facilities. Big Sur's inhabitants realized that their fastness was about to be discovered by the motelmens and the real estate developers.

What specifically aroused the Big Sureans to action was the decision of the State Division of Highways to widen the winding two-lane road through the region, California 1, referred to by Monterey County boosters as "Wonderful One." One of the highwaymen's proposals especially horrified the esthetes: to replace wooden bridges between the canyons with fill. "Beauty is almost a bad word with some highway engineers," says Owings. "They're very competent. But you would not ask your butcher to perform plastic surgery on your best girl."

Owings put some of his firm's experts to work and prepared a report showing that it would be far cheaper to replace wooden bridges with concrete bridges as well as more beautiful. Then the Big Sureans applied themselves to an overall plan. "What we don't save in the next five or ten years will be gone for all time," warned Nicholas Roosevelt.

Architect Owings worked out a master plan for zoning the whole Big Sur area. A few of the older settlers resented any attempt by the "intellectual interlopers" to deny them the right to sell their land as they choose. But on one point all agreed—nobody wanted the Federal Government taking over Big Sur as a national park, with all the rules, regulations and outside direction that implied.

The master planners agreed that if Big Sur's natural beauty were strewn with modern structures, neither tourists nor residents would have what they came for. Therefore they proposed:

- The drafting of zoning laws to limit the number of new houses and encourage their clustering—for example, ten houses with 100 acres of land among them might be clustered on ten acres, leaving the remaining 90 acres clear.
- Acceptance of the principle that the view from the road is paramount, and new houses should be sited so that their roofs would not break the skyline.
- Limiting the coastal highway to its present two-lane width, with a 100-ft. setback along its whole length.
- The controlled expansion of tourist facilities, with the development of beaches and the building of at least two new harbors.

After over a year of hearings, discussions, arguments, counterarguments and compromises, the overwhelming majority of Big Sur inhabitants accepted the Owings plan, agreeing with the general principle that the preservation of the natural beauty of their wild land was more important than any short-term profit they might realize by selling their land to free-wheeling developers intent on filling the area with motels and housing developments. All this was more acceptable in Big Sur than it might be elsewhere. Despite the drenching seasonal rains, there are few year-round springs on Big Sur's rocky slopes, and frequently hundreds of acres have to be bought to ensure the water supply for a single dwelling. This has the added advantage of making springless land almost unsalable.

More important, the county supervisors were convinced. Last month they voted, with only one dissent, to adopt the principles of the Owings plan as a blueprint

for Big Sur's future. Zoning ordinances will be issued area by area, as the occasion arises; but the Owings plan is firmly established as the basic guideline. Crowded Roosevelt: "Big Sur is saved."

"It's a great step in the democratic process," says Owings. "It gave me confidence in what can be expected at a modest county level of political sophistication, without state or federal intervention."

YOUTH

What's Your Stuff?

To the grey-flannel dismay of advertisers everywhere, thousands of teen-agers, are lining up across country to buy a product with almost no value of any kind except for laughs. Its name: Greasy Kid Stuff.

Taking off from the Vitalis TV commercial (says Bart Starr, root-deep in Vitalis, to the oily-headed locker-room amateur beside him: "Say, you still using that greasy kid stuff?"), Greasy Kid Stuff was invented last summer as a gag. Its college-boy creators, Bill Cole and Larry Frohman, each invested \$50, mixed up a batch of mineral oil and lanolin in a lard can, threw in a pinch of spice perfume, churned the whole with an egg beater, and turned out 120 bottles of Stuff. Their advertising was built in: the \$10 million Bristol-Meyers campaign for Vitalis worked wonders for that Greasy Kid Stuff too. And since greasy kids like their greasy hair greasy, the original supply was soon out of stock.

Cole and Frohman copyrighted the name, got approval from the Food and Drug Administration, and today are busy shipping an estimated 50,000 bottles of Stuff to outlets ranging from Jordan Marsh in Miami to Gimbels in New York to A. D. Clark in Los Angeles. The boys, who make a 35% profit on every 98¢ bottle, are sure they've struck oil.

THE PSYCHE

Emotions & the Market

Market analysts and more highfalutin economists who have been baffled in their efforts to explain the ups and downs of the stock market may have been looking in the wrong place. Booms and busts, says Psychoanalyst Henry Krystal of Michigan's Wayne State University, are not born in carloading reports or steel-output figures but in the unconscious minds of mortal men. If the economists want to understand better why the market acts the way it does, they had better start examining the customers' egos and keep digging until they hit pay dirt in the id.

Only recently, Dr. Krystal told the American Psychoanalytic Association, have economists recognized that the market curves reflect psychological swings, but they are still making the mistake of looking for psychological explanations in the realm of the rational.

As Dr. Krystal sees it: out of his unconscious needs, the investor wishfully attaches "magical feelings of omnipotence and omniscience" to the government, big

corporations, and even the stock exchange itself. "The anxieties of the consumer" drive him to periodically re-endow his salesman or broker with an aura of authority and safety that was shattered as recently as the last time his stocks took a tumble.

The U.S., says Dr. Krystal, feels guilty about making too much money too easily. "In June 1962 many people were expecting a depression to set in and were preparing to 'tighten the belt' with some eagerness and relief. The Peace Corps, admirable in purpose as it was, represented a form of asceticism resembling a St. Augustine-like renunciation of riches and vows of poverty. There seemed to be a growing feeling that we had had it 'too good too long,' and that the time had come to pay the price." To the analytic-minded psychiatrist, there seems to have been a "mild but ubiquitous emotional depression, resulting from a feeling of guilt prevalent in the consumption-minded middle class, which had profited most from the postwar income revolution."

There were, Dr. Krystal admits, some reasons for the market's slump that at first sight appear purely financial. But these realities, he insists, came into play only in a way dictated by the emotional needs of the investors. Many speculators, says Dr. Krystal, use the stock market as an outlet for their aggressive impulses. It is one place where they can make "killings" without conscious guilt. But at the deeper, unconscious level, he argues, the guilt builds up along with the wealth, and every boom must inevitably be followed by its reaction of widespread emotional depression that leads to a "fall in the level of confidence" and a market depression.

THE FAMILY

Home for Christmas

When Donald and Jean Meyers were married some 20 years ago, they wanted to have at least a dozen children. It didn't work out that way; two girls were born to them, and they adopted two boys. This week, though, they sat down to Christmas dinner 15 strong.

The nine new Meyers children—five daughters and four sons ranging in age from 13 to two—had their last Christmas with their mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Baker, at their home in Battle Lake, Minn. Three weeks later they were orphans, when the Bakers' pickup truck flipped over and killed both parents. In Charlotte, N.C., Donald, an executive at the local plant of the Celanese Corp., read the newspaper account of the accident and at once knew what to do. His wife quickly agreed. "There is room for them here—in our home and in our hearts," the Meyers told their local priest, and asked him to negotiate with Catholic Charities to see if the Meyers could adopt all nine of the children.

The Baker children arrived at Charlotte airport last week and met their new parents, brothers and sisters for the first time. "If those children were put in the world together, they should stay together," said Jean Meyers, who deprecated suggestions that she was doing a wonderful thing. "We aren't being wonderful," she insisted. "We need children. We want these children. We are going to have a lot of fun."

Then the Meyers family unbelievably squeezed into a single car and drove home to get ready for Christmas.



THE MEYERS FAMILY
How much more room in the heart?

JAMES BENNING—CHARLOTTE OBSERVER



**AN ENTERTAINING
AND ENLIGHTENING
ONCE-A-MONTH SERIES
OF NEW TV SPECIALS
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE**



Magic! Magic! Magic! Featuring Milbourne Christopher, world famous magician, assisted by Julie Harris and Zero Mostel. Presenting an exciting outline of the history of magic—from the old "Cups-and-Balls" trick to orbiting a woman through space.



First Concert. Robert Shaw conducting the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra. Between selections, a warm, amusing commentary to a live audience of youngsters. The orchestra plays Tchaikowsky, Beethoven, Bach, Schubert and Sousa.

Produced by WBC, these sixty-minute informative programs combine stimulating content with good entertainment. Others in the series include Poetry and the Poet, Jazz for Young People, Young Mark Twain, History of the Dance, and the History of

Art. This series represents one of the most ambitious efforts for young people ever undertaken by a group of TV stations. It is a group effort that, we believe, demonstrates television's potential in the area of purposeful and enlightening entertainment.



Black Nativity. The handclapping, feet-stomping Gospel song-play hit direct from Broadway to the Spoleto Festival in Italy—to Europe and London—then to Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, New York, for Christmas week live presentation, and a one-hour taped TV Special.



Baird's Eye View. The history of puppets from ancient Egypt to Charlie McCarthy. The camera tours the Bill Baird studios as Bill Baird, America's foremost puppeteer, narrates and demonstrates puppets at the French Court, puppets of the Middle Ages, Chinese Shadow figures, and more.



People and Other Animals. Noted naturalist, explorer, and tracker of the "Abominable Snowman," Ivan T. Sanderson takes young viewers on an exciting zoological tour of the animal kingdom along with guest Broadway stars Jane Fonda and Robert Morse.

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THE PRESS

No Common Ground

The antagonists in New York's newspaper strike resumed their places across the bargaining table last week, but about all that was traded was hostile words. "They are not going to put out a paper until they start to negotiate, and they haven't started," said Bertram A. Powers, president of New York Local 6 of the International Typographical Union, which by striking four papers Dec. 7 shut down all nine New York City dailies. Said Amory Bradford, chief spokesman for the Publishers Association of New York: "Their list of demands is totally unacceptable. We are within a very short step of our absolute limit."

Separate Pleas. By any measure, the strike's burden seemed larger than any of the principals, or even the innocent bystanders, could long accept. "We Miss You Too," said the World-Telegram, in a despondent ad posted all over New York's subway system. Broadway languished, as thousands of would-be theatergoers passed up a play or a movie because they had no simple way of discovering what was on. Christmas crowds still teemed through the city, their bullish mood hardly dampened for lack of those invaluable stimulants, the display ads. New York City's department stores reported that their volume was down by only one per cent.

On the city's mute newspapers, 17,000 men, of a total work force of 20,000, were idle—and each week more than \$3,000,000 in wages went down the drain. The papers themselves lost millions in ad and circulation revenues, took what comfort they could from strike-enforced economies. Merely by not publishing, for example, the nine dailies saved \$300,000 a day in newsprint alone.

Dead Horse. But such practical considerations inspired neither side to move toward a settlement. Both seemed more concerned with pleading their separate causes. The publishers' position was that their last offer of \$9.20 more a week—\$4.25 the first year, \$3.75 the second, plus \$1.20 to defray the cost of an additional fourth week of paid vacation after 15 years—was already more than the papers could afford. Over two years, the boost would add some \$10 million to the payrolls of the nine dailies—an increase that does not include the \$8.50 package for which the Newspaper Guild settled in November. The cost must be met by papers that, lumped together, operate at a loss.

The printers stoutly defended every penny of their demands—which added up to \$38.32 more a week, spread over the next two years. But as broken down by management, the I.T.U. package suggested exorbitance. Among other things, Bert Powers' printers are asking \$3.25 per week in extra pension and welfare contributions, \$19 more in pay for a shorter week. The union has also flatly refused to yield its

time-dishonored right to set bogus type, a featherbedding practice that involves hand-composing, and then throwing away unused, all advertisements received in mat form. With appropriate contempt, the publishers call this makework "dead horse." The I.T.U. has also rejected a publishers' request to compose stock tables automatically from perforated tape, at a substantial saving in labor cost.

Stalemate. At week's end, even the *pro forma* meetings across the conference table broke off once more. Federal Mediator Stephen I. Schlossberg taxed both sides with failure "to bargain seriously," threatened to maintain the recess "until the parties are ready to make some progress." New York's Mayor Robert Wagner absolved himself of an active mediator's role in a shutdown that has affected the very pulse of his city. New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller promised to step in if the need arose, but felt that with a federal mediator on the scene his intervention now would only "complicate the situation." U.S. Secretary of Labor W. Willard Wirtz, who fortnight ago spent a day in Manhattan vainly trying to bring both sides together, visited town again—but principally to clue himself on an incipient New York maritime strike. Going into its third week, Manhattan's newspaper strike was no nearer settlement than when it began.

The Victim of Success

On Manhattan's drab Lower East Side, a group of aged journalists made a momentous break with custom. For the first time in its 65 years, the Jewish Daily Forward, a Yiddish language paper, began

printing part of each issue in English. This was no territorial raid on the city's strike-silenced newspaper giants; it was a humble effort by the Forward to stay alive. Said Business Manager Adolph Held, a little sadly: "Now, maybe, our readers will show the Forward to their children."

The children of Forward readers do not read the paper, because they cannot. As the second-generation sons and daughters of Jewish immigrants, they have forgotten the mother tongue, that backward-running cross of Hebrew and medieval German. Like Yiddish itself, the Forward is an anachronism, born in a departed past to meet a need that no longer exists.

A Loss of Scholars. That purpose was to tell the Jewish immigrant, in his own language, about life in the bewildering new world. During its early years the Forward had a strong Socialist bent, but its paternalism was even stronger. "Since when is Socialism opposed to clean noses?" said the late Ab Cahan, editor from 1902 until his retirement in 1950, after some party member objected to an editorial that urged mothers to keep their *kinderle* stocked with clean handkerchiefs. Socialist polemics were leavened with simple lessons on civics, American history and the Constitution. Readers ventilated their problems in "Bintel Brief"—literally, bushels of letters—a service started by Cahan that still survives.

The Forward rose to great influence on the tidal waves of immigrants that broke over New York before and just after World War I. By 1918, it was strong enough to help break Tammany's hold on the Lower East Side and elect a Socialist, Meyer London, to the U.S. Congress. It encouraged and often led the organized movement of garment workers



EDITOR FOGELMAN IN COMPOSING ROOM
To Americanize a subscriber was to lose him.



"FORWARD'S" FRONT PAGE
To Americanize a subscriber was to lose him.

out of the city's sweatshops and into the I.L.G.W.U. In 1922 it reached a circulation of 225,000. But already the future had begun to close in. Restrictive new immigration quotas, enacted in the 1920s, dammed the Forward's transatlantic reservoir of new readers. The annual flow of Jews to the U.S. ebbed from a 1921 high of 119,000 to 11,000, and then to 7,000. Old readers, schooled by the Forward, confidently plunged into the new life, leaving their instructor behind. The Forward discovered that, too often, to Americanize a subscriber was to lose him.

Today, Forward circulation is down to 56,126 daily and 59,636 Sunday, and still dwindling. The paper has tried to meet its problems by emphasizing its role as a comprehensive general newspaper that just happens to print in Yiddish. It has fulltime correspondents in London, Paris and Israel, subscribes to both the A.P. and U.P.I. as well as the Jewish Telegraphic Agency. Among its 40 contributing editors and writers—most of whom speak Hebrew, Yiddish and English—are men who write in such specialized fields as theater, labor, TV and society. Socialism has softened into liberalism. The Forward looks with favor on John Kennedy, medicare and tax cuts, with disfavor on such traditional liberal targets as federal aid to parochial schools, the McCarran Act and racial segregation.

Jewish Flavor. But the Forward's problems are not the sort that can be solved, and many of the old ways linger on. Editorial staffers are of an even riper age than Forward readers, whose average age is 50. As in the old days, reporters are still appointed for life; Editor Lazar Fogelman, who has been with the paper since 1927, is 71; Business Manager Adolph Held is 77; Literary Critic Harry Rogoff is 80. In a period of instant cookery, the Forward instructs its readership on the fermentation of wine. Space is still reserved for humor of a high Jewish flavor: "Sam: There is nothing better than to lie in bed in the morning and ring for a servant. Jonah: But you have no servant. Sam: But a bell I've got."

The men who watch over the Forward do not want to see it die. Each year an association of 100 Jewish leaders gladly meets the paper's modest deficit from private investments, and from the profits of WEVD, the foreign language radio station that the group owns. But this can only delay the end, for the Forward is the inevitable victim of its own success. "The Forward hasn't really changed," says Editor Fogelman. "The big change is that the paper has less of that cry of poverty that existed during the great waves of immigration. Now the immigrant has established himself."

Back on the Growl

After four months of enforced hibernation, the press's surliest bear was back on the growl. From Tucson, where he holed up after Hearst's King Features syndicate fired him last summer for daring to attack the boss (he wrote that William Randolph Hearst Jr. was wanting in "character,

ability or loyalty"), onetime Hearst Columnist Westbrook Pegler, 68, let it be known that he had found a new vent for his wrath. Beginning in February, said Pegler, he will write one political column a month for *American Opinion*—the house organ of the John Birch Society.

The Birchers, who hold, among other convictions, that former U.S. President Eisenhower was a "conscious" Communist "agent," regard Pegler as a major journalistic haul. "Mr. Pegler will not be restrained in any way," said *American Opinion* Managing Editor Scott Stanley Jr. And Columnist Pegler, who in his days of relative silence on the desert has found little better to do than dash off a piece on pugilism for *Show* magazine, bared his fangs in anticipation. "I'm not a member of the Birch Society," said he, "but I have seen nothing in their program or their policies to offend me." So saying, Columnist Pegler dispatched to his new employer an obituary on Eleanor Roosevelt. Said the man who long delighted in calling Mrs. Roosevelt "La Boca Grande" while she was alive: "I haven't changed my mind. The press eulogized her as the first lady of the world, but I think it's undignified and dishonest to call her that. I think she was a terrible crack."

Profundities, Not Facts

Never before in man's history has stood nearer his celestial neighbors. Powerful radio telescopes collect emissions from the very lip of infinity. Inquisitive hardware, sent up from earth, skims past the moon, Venus, Mars, the sun. The space sciences, in their long climb from superstition, have developed an impressive and reliable exactitude. Yet for more than 20 million U.S. newspaper readers, the true world from space is handed down daily by a group of occultists turned journalists, who practice a black art older than Babylon.

These are the syndicated astrologers of the press. Despite the fresh revelations of the space age, they are enjoying an unprecedented vogue. Before the war, only 185 dailies carried astrology columns. Today, more than 1,000 papers pass the word, as plotted from the positions of the planets and the stars by at least ten syndicated stargazers. Some of them boast sizable flocks. Carroll Righter, a former Philadelphia pressagent who moved to Hollywood and dusted off his zodiac, claims 150 dailies. Sidney Omarr has 197. King Features' Individual Horoscope appears in 151.

Heed Advice. Worldly observers are at a loss to explain the popularity of these Johnny-come-lately journalists. Astrology itself still rests firmly on the reassuring premise that the earth is the center of the universe, and contemporary astrologers, like their ancient predecessors, take refuge in generalities so broad as to be totally unifying. "Good lunar aspect today encourages romance, change, travel, salesmanship on highest level," read a recent and all encompassing bulletin from Sidney Omarr who does not apologize for such ambiguities. Says he: "Astrology deals



LOS ANGELES TIMES
CARROLL RIGHTER (RIGHT) AND FRIENDS
A habit, like Smilin' Jack.

not with facts, but with profundities."

The claim is indisputable, but often the profundities can be confusing. On the same day, while Omarr urged his readers to "act on convictions," a competitive occultist, Clay R. Pollan, told his readers to "heed good advice." Before the 1956 presidential campaign, Constella—the nom de plume for a sometime poet named Shirley Spencer—rashly predicted that Eisenhower would not be a candidate for reelection and that the election would go to a Democrat, and then named him: Averell Harriman.

End of the World. Once established on a paper, the astrological column characteristically tends to become a tenacious habit, like *Skeezix* or *Smilin' Jack*. The editor would often like to kick the habit, but his star-struck readers, 80% of them women, usually won't let him. Some years ago, the Chicago Daily News inadvertently dropped its famed horoscope. "The reaction was the most tremendous I've ever seen," said Feature Editor John Carey, who hastily reinstated the stars.

But there is a growing sentiment among newspapers that the musicians of the spheres should be sent back where they came from: the racks at Kresge's and the corner drugstore. "I guess I'll leave Omarr out one of these days," says the Boston Herald's Managing Editor George Minot wistfully. "Then we'll see what happens." What will probably happen is that the Herald's switchboard will light up like the Milky Way—as did the board at the Los Angeles Times when the paper omitted a single zodiacal sign from Carroll Righter's column. "My God," said the Times's George M. Strasser, assistant to the editor, "you'd have thought the world was coming to an end."

Costumed as signs of the zodiac, at a Righter party.

What do you want most in a stock?

Capital Gains? All right, but just be sure you can afford the risks you must take.

Long-Term Growth? Some company plowing earnings back in to future expansion. A stock that should increase in value over the years and maybe help send a son or daughter to college.

Income? Perhaps tax-free municipals paying 3½%. Maybe stocks in the utility field yielding 4% or 5%. Maybe more volatile common stocks that pay even more.

No, we haven't got a book that tells you all the answers. But if you'll tell us just what you're looking for when it comes to investing, we'll do the best we can, on the basis of the information supplied by our Research Department—and we don't know a better source—to find the stocks most likely to meet your needs.

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JOSEPH C. QUINN



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December 20, 1962.

MILESTONES

Divorced. By Deborah Loew, 30, widow of Cinemactor Tyrone Power: Third Husband Arthur M. Loew Jr., 37, nightclub-hopping movie scion; on grounds of mental cruelty; after three years of marriage, one child; in Los Angeles.

Divorced. By Dorothy Dandridge, 39, torchy Negro cinemactress (*Porgy and Bess*, *Carmen Jones*): John Denison, 49, proprietor of a Hollywood supper club; on grounds of mental cruelty; after three years of marriage; in Los Angeles.

Died. Francis Carino Alberto Milano, 44, a mimic of sounds on U.S. network airwaves, whose talented bark for RCA Victor's "His Master's Voice" and tasty Snap! Crackle! Pop! for Kellogg's Rice Krispies earned him a 330-acre upstate New York farm where, so he said, even the chipmunks thought he was real; of a heart attack; in Hudson, N.Y.

Died. Garrett Mattingly, 62, professor of European history at Columbia University since 1948, a Renaissance scholar who won a special Pulitzer citation in 1960 for his bestselling historical study, *The Armada*, on the defeat of Spain's famously fumbled naval crusade in 1588 against Elizabethan England; of a heart attack; in Oxford, England.

Died. Thomas Mitchell, 70, one of Hollywood's top character actors, uncle of former Labor Secretary James P. Mitchell, a New Jersey newspaperman's son whose bushy eyebrows, gravelly voice and mile-wide Irish grin lit up the screen in 57 films, most notably as the rollicking Gerald O'Hara in *Gone With The Wind* and the prototype of a rum-pot frontier doctor in *Stagecoach*; of cancer; in Hollywood.

Died. Major General John Hamilton Roberts, 70, Canadian commander of the controversial 1942 raid on the German-held resort town of Dieppe; of a heart attack on the Channel Island of Jersey. Planned as a "reconnaissance in force," the raid was a tactical disaster (only 2,500 returned out of 6,100 troops, most of them Canadian) but a valuable strategic lesson, proving that open beaches are more assailable than ports and that massive firepower is the key to the beach.

Died. Chester Dale, 79, keenly perceptive Wall Street broker who amassed one of the world's best collections of modern French painting; of a heart attack; in Manhattan (see ART).

Died. Carl Diem, 80, scholarly German sportsman whose love of the classics led him to revive the ancient Greek tradition of relaying a torch from Mount Olympus to the far-flung sites of the Olympic games, beginning with 1936's XI Olympiad in Berlin, where he also successfully resisted Nazi efforts to bar Jewish athletes; of a stroke; in Cologne.



He may step up your production and cut down your insurance costs—this expert

TROUBLE FINDER

"Find the cause of on-the-job accidents and you will find a way to speed up your production, cut your operating costs, and control your insurance premium."

That's what a Hartford Loss Control Engineer will tell you. These men—whose services are available to Hartford-insured business firms and industrial plants—approach accidents with the conviction that such mishaps are symptoms of much deeper problems that need correction. Accordingly, in working with policyholders to reduce accidents, Hartford engineers probe into such basic factors as *equipment, materials, and people*. They examine the arrangement, use and maintenance of equipment, and the handling, storage and processing of materials. They study the procedures being used in the selection, training, and leadership of employees. Finally, they instruct supervisory people in the continuing day-to-day application of these loss control principles and techniques.

A typical example

How does this unique Hartford approach work? Here is just one example, typical of hundreds:

Investigation of an epidemic of accidents in a certain factory indicated the immediate cause of trouble was oil-spotted floors upon which workers were slipping and falling. A conventional accident prevention solution would have been more frequent mopping of the floors, and the use of slip-proof shoes by employees.

However, Hartford Loss Control Engineers, sensing a

more basic problem, teamed up with plant supervisors to study the total situation more thoroughly. They found that the oil drippings came from a fork-lift truck on which worn gaskets were not being replaced promptly. This led to a general review of plant maintenance practices, with provision for better training of maintenance people and closer control of stocks of maintenance parts. The result—beyond a marked improvement in the accident situation—was an increase in general operating efficiency and a better profit showing.

How to learn more

Your Hartford Group Agent or your own insurance broker can give you details on how you can get the benefits of Hartford Engineering Service. Your Hartford Agent is probably listed in the Yellow Pages under Hartford Insurance. Or look for him wherever you see the Stag trademark displayed. Many Hartford Group Agents also display this emblem of the National Association of Insurance Agents.



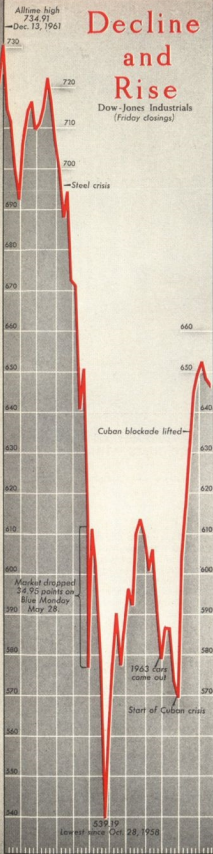
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Decline and Rise

Dow-Jones Industrials
(Friday closings)



BUSINESS IN 1962

Competition Goes Global

1962 was a year when businessmen thought something worse was just around the corner, and it turned out not to be. Measuring their final profits statements against their yearlong apprehensions, many businessmen at year's end might sigh along with Mark Twain: "I have known a great many troubles, but most of them never happened."

It was that way in nearly all the world's industrialized nations—a year of growth but not of boom. Western European businessmen, lately accustomed to seeing their economies expand by more than 7% a year, had to content themselves with growth rates that ran as low as 4%. Japan's tycoons cried recession because their nation's expansion rate sank from a spectacular 19% in 1961 to "only" 5% in 1962. But the only real sick man of the free world was politically tormented Latin America, where there was serious unemployment and inflation, and trade deficits soared.

In the U.S., 1962 was a disappointing year largely because it had been overbilled to begin with. In January President Kennedy's economists extravagantly predicted that the gross national product would spurt ahead 10% during the year. But the great growth fallacy exploded in the spring as overpriced stock markets suffered their worst crash since 1937, and unemployment (mostly of the unskilled) rose to a level previously unknown in a period of prosperity. Businessmen began muttering about, and taking precautions against, a recession dead ahead. But in fact by the end of the year most economic barometers were on the rise.

The Other-Directed Economy. Though most businessmen would look back on 1962 with contained enthusiasm, it was a time of significant opening out to the future. It was the year when the world's businessmen became fully aware that in place of many national markets there was emerging a single international market encompassing the whole free world.

Since the days when cockleshell Phoenician galleys first began to crisscross the Mediterranean, men have made fortunes trading abroad. But in 1962 as never before, business strategists made their day-to-day decisions and long-range plans in the light of the challenges and opportunities of a world market. Says Georges Villiers, president of France's National Council of Employers: "Like the Molière character who spoke prose without knowing it, we are engaging in supranationalism without knowing it."

Nowhere was this more visible than in the U.S., where both business and government frequently based their most impor-

tant economic actions on the need to become more competitive in world markets. The turning point of the year for the U.S. economy—the great steel crisis—seemed a peculiarly domestic fuss. But when U.S. Steel Chairman Roger Blough decided to raise steel prices \$6 a ton less than a week after his company had signed its first non-inflationary labor contract since the Korean war, he used foreign competition as a justification for his move. Overseas competitors, paying lower wages and operating more modern plants, were able to sell nails, barbed wire and construction rods in U.S. markets at prices that U.S. manufacturers could not match. The foreign challenge in steel was costing the U.S. 40,000 jobs and almost \$1 billion in sales a year. What U.S. steelmakers needed, Blough contended, was fatter profits with which to finance modernization of their aging plants.

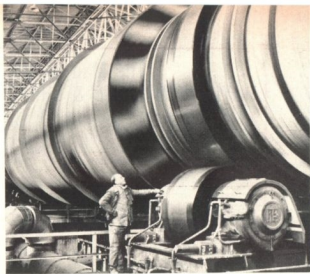
John F. Kennedy's hasty and white-lipped counterattack against Blough showed the President's belief that he had been doublecrossed: in persuading the United Steelworkers to hold the wage line, the President thought that he had an unspoken promise from Blough to hold the price line. But Kennedy, like Blough, based his case on the exigencies of the world market. A price rise in steel, Kennedy told the nation on TV, would set off another U.S. "inflationary spiral" that "would make it more difficult to withstand competition from foreign imports, and thus far more difficult to improve our balance-of-payments position and stem the outflow of gold."

The S.O.B. Club. When things cooled down, many businessmen concluded that Blough had been wrong, and that if the President had only held his temper, the workings of the free market at a time of softness in steel demand would have forced Blough to rescind his price rises within a few weeks anyway. The President won a backdown from Big Steel when Chicago's Inland Steel refused to go along with Blough's move. Inland executives have repeatedly implied that they would not have raised prices even had the President not intervened.

But whatever they thought of his economics, virtually all U.S. businessmen were outraged by the tactics Kennedy used against Blough; the Administration's threats to deny U.S. Steel defense contracts and to harass the company with trustbusters and internal revenue agents raised business hackles as they had not been raised since the days of F.D.R. A number of grown-up businessmen sported "S.O.B. Club" pins. Behind the anger was the fear that the Government would med-



KENNEDY



AUTOMATED STEEL PLANT IN LUXEMBOURG
The premise was the same.



BLOUGH

dle in every labor settlement, clamp down on every price rise, and thus discourage all businessmen from undertaking any expansion or modernization. Said Chase Manhattan Bank President David Rockefeller: "The steel episode demonstrated the tremendous economic power that the executive branch of Government now wields, and that it is prepared to wield it hard and fast. It seemed to imply that the price structure was going to be shaped not by the laws of supply and demand, but by the Government's feelings." (Asked last week on his hour-long television interview whether he had perhaps acted too vigorously in the steel dispute, President Kennedy replied: "There is no sense in raising hell, and then not being successful.")

Loaded for Bear. Business anger was expectable. What came as a surprise was the impact the steel crisis had on the public. Throughout the palmy postwar era, continuous inflation had boosted U.S. corporate profits and inspired millions of Americans to invest in stocks as a hedge against rising prices and a bet on future boom. The angry debate over steel brought home to the public the fact that inflation had been all but stopped for two years. When this realization sunk in, what had begun as an orderly decline in an overpriced stock market abruptly turned into a rout.

In scenes of pandemonium reminiscent of 1929, the grey, fortresslike New York Stock Exchange shuddered and shook. Glamour stocks such as Brunswick Corp., Fairchild Camera and Xerox, which had been selling on the strength of capital-gains potential rather than current dividends, crashed to half or even a quarter of their 1961 highs. Mighty IBM, which had become more of a cult than a stock, plummeted from 57½ in January to a low of 30 in June. Dropping like a shot goose, the market lost \$23 billion in paper values during a single hectic week in late May, and \$21 billion more on Blue Monday, May 28. By the time it hit its low for the year on June 26, the Dow-Jones average of 30 leading industrial stocks

stood 27% below its record high of December 1961. Investors who in bull market days had been discounting future growth now seemed to be discounting the fall of the republic.

Crash Damage. Partly out of fear that the market was in some intuitive way telegraphing a recession, businessmen began to act as if a recession had already begun. They put off decisions on building new plants or buying new machines, and chopped away at their payrolls. U.S. Steel cut its work force by 10%, and for the first time since the Depression sliced into its executive ranks to fire 1,000 supervisors. Manufacturers cut their stockpiles to the bone, and inventories were reduced to their lowest level in relation to sales in seven years.

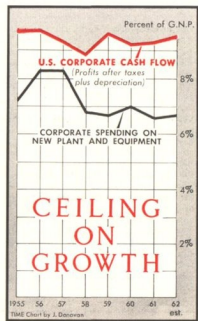
As a result, new orders for durable goods fell 3.3% in June, and throughout the three summer months industrial pro-

duction remained sullenly flat. By the end of the second quarter, economists in such major corporations as General Electric were urging their companies to base their planning on the assumption that the economy would turn down late in 1962 or early in 1963.

Raising Keynes. But what went down did not stay down. A fortuitous combination of actions by business, the public and the Administration, plus the happenstance of foreign affairs, changed the mood. The Administration launched a drive, at first greeted with great suspicion, to regain business confidence. It began paying attention to one of the lesser-known dicta of British Economist John Maynard Keynes, an intellectual godfather of the New Deal. The Keynes' dictum: "Short of going over to Communism, there is no possible means of curing unemployment except by restoring to employers a proper margin of profit."

In July, as it had long promised, the Treasury authorized businessmen to claim greater tax-free depreciation allowances on their existing plant and equipment, and thereby gave them more cash to spend on the new machines they needed to match their European and Japanese competitors. In September, at the President's urging, Congress approved a 7% income tax credit for corporations investing in new equipment. Then, in the most important economic legislation of the year, Congress passed the Trade Expansion Act, giving the President wide powers to bargain down tariffs. In vivid testimony to their rejection of economic isolationism, U.S. businessmen generally applauded the Trade Act. Said Chairman Carl Gilbert of Gillette: "The Trade Expansion Act has done much to heal the break between the President and business."

Cuba & Comeback. The first sizable sign of a business upswing came in October, when Detroit rolled out a high-styled line of '63 cars that had more built-in maintenance than the '62s—at the same price. The new models were gobbled up by a public that was earning record income and had fattened its savings ac-



counts with money from stocks sold during the crash. Auto production in the fourth quarter climbed to 2,000,000 cars, higher even than the great record year of 1955.

This late-year surge gained speed after the Cuban crisis. In board rooms around the country, businessmen were impressed that President Kennedy had talked even tougher to Khrushchev than to Roger Blough. Heartened too by signals of economic upturn, managers stepped up their spending for plants and machines in the fourth quarter to a record yearly rate of \$38.4 billion. On Wall Street the big mutual funds and pension funds moved back into the stock market (though badly singled small investors continued to spend their money elsewhere), and the market recouped 55% of its \$96 billion paper loss. The mood in business changed profoundly: instead of looking for a sharp recession in 1963, most economists foresaw only a slight dip in the first half, and some predicted an unbroken rise.

Taxing the Forecasters. Those who anticipate a dip in 1963 believe that auto sales can scarcely hold their current pace, argue that there is so much unused industrial capacity around that U.S. business is unlikely to step up significantly its spending on new plant and equipment. Optimists argue in rebuttal that inventories are lean and Government defense spending will rise by about \$3 billion next year, that some builders look forward to building at least as many houses (1,400,000) in 1963 as in 1962, and that steelmakers expect their production to rise from this year's 98 million tons to just over 100 million tons.

How the economy performs in 1963 will depend largely on whether the President can persuade Congress to vote a sizable cut in income taxes. U.S. businessmen, enthusiastically on the President's side for a change, view the proposed tax cut much as a company might view a loan. Says influential Wall Streeter Sidney Weinberg, partner of the investment banking house of Goldman, Sachs & Co.: "It's just like when General Motors invests in a new plant—it gets its money back over a period of years."

Manhattan Economist J. Carvel Lange, who a year ago correctly foresaw that the stock market was "highly vulnerable to a sharp reaction before mid-1962" now predicted a bullish 1963 if a sizable tax cut comes in time. "For maximum effectiveness for growth," said Lange, "the reduction must come while the economy is still rising." If the tax cut is enacted by midyear, he predicted a "strong—perhaps booming—acceleration" that would last well into 1964.

Other businessmen, however, see no dynamic new force on the horizon likely to send the well-fed, well-housed, abundantly equipped U.S. into a new boom. Instead, some fear that the U.S. may have to rely for domestic growth chiefly on its normal population increase—which seems to expand the economy at a disappointingly modest 3% a year. Faced with

The Man on the Cover LYNN TOWNSEND & CHRYSLER'S COMEBACK

It was a bumper-to-bumper year in Detroit. The big increase in auto sales this fall contributed more than anything else to keeping the U.S. prosperous; and one of the big contributors to the increase in auto sales was the long-ailing Chrysler Corp., which in the space of one year did a surprising turnaround. Thanks to the energetic leadership of its new president, Lynn Alfred Townsend, 43, Chrysler in 1962 was the comeback story of U.S. business.

Congenital Flaw. Chrysler still has a long way to come back, but at least it seems headed in the right direction. It took an aggressive and impatient young man to do it. Some of Chrysler's difficulties, as well as its success, stem back to the character of its founder, the late Walter P. Chrysler. A cocky, self-educated industrial genius, Walter Chrysler so constructed the corporation that he constituted the only real link between its major divisions. This was all right so long as he was around. His successor was K. T. Keller, like Chrysler an ex-master mechanic, who cared about well-built cars but lacked a gift for administration. Gradually Chrysler's prestigious engineering division seized dominance over the financial and manufacturing divisions and committed the company to years of solid but stodgy cars. Nobody knew that the cars cost too much to make because Chrysler had no cost control.

Difficulties came to a head under Lester Lum ("Tex") Colbert, 57, former Chrysler attorney who took over command of the company in 1950. Colbert began a feverish drive to modernize Chrysler's plants, and was responsible for the rakish "Forward Look" that made Chrysler's 1957 cars a runaway success. But in the process, he let the company's quality standards slip scandalously. By 1959, Chrysler sales had slipped from a solid 25% of the U.S. auto market under Walter P. down to 11.3%. From a \$120 million profit in 1957, the company staggered into a \$34 million loss in 1958.

After a conflict-of-interest scandal involving William C. Newberg, Colbert's personal choice to run Chrysler's day-to-day operations, there was an outburst of stockholder suits and public recriminations. Chrysler Director George Love, 62, the big, amiable chairman of Pittsburgh's Consolidation Coal Co., stepped in to fill the leadership breach. With the support of a committee of outside directors, he ousted Colbert. But the task of finding a new president and operating boss for Chrysler proved difficult. Unable to persuade anyone outside the company to risk the job, the directors in July 1961 turned to Administrative Vice President Lynn Townsend, who had, in fact, been running Chrysler for seven months. To keep a close watch over operations, Love

himself became chairman and demonstrated his faith in Chrysler's future by making Consolidation Coal the largest Chrysler stockholder.

Floors & Figures. Within two months after Townsend's appointment, says George Love, Chrysler's directors knew that "more by fortune than deliberation" they had hit upon exactly the man needed. Born in the automaking town of Flint, Mich., strapping (6 ft. 2 in., 195 lbs.) Lynn Townsend spent most of his youth in Los Angeles, where his father had an auto repair shop. Lynn's mother, a gifted teacher, pushed him so fast with home tutoring that he started school in the second grade. As soon as he mastered arithmetic, his father put him to work helping with the repair-shop books.

Orphaned at 14, Lynn headed back to the Midwest to live with an uncle. He put himself through the University of Michigan by peeling potatoes, scrubbing floors and working in a local accounting office. He was also a top student. Says Economics Professor William Paton (who also taught G.M. Chairman Frederic G. Donner): "I've never had a student who had a greater flair for accounting and financial analysis than Lynn Townsend."

After graduation (class of '41), Townsend took his flair for figures into a Detroit accounting office, soon found himself auditing Chrysler for the firm of Touche, Ross, Bailey & Smart. He became so knowledgeable on Chrysler's finances that in 1957 Tex Colbert brought him into the company as controller. Assigned to revitalize Chrysler's overseas operations, Townsend rapidly expanded them—among other things, he persuaded Chrysler to buy a profitable 25% interest in France's Simca—and launched a program that has boosted Chrysler's share of U.S. auto and truck exports from 14½% to 20%. He was made a Chrysler director at 39, administrative vice president at 41.

Down to Size. Unlike other Chrysler executives, who continued to spend as though the company still held a quarter of the auto market, Townsend with cold-eyed realism recognized that Chrysler must tailor its spending to its reduced sales. Even before he became president, he began a series of sweeping dismissals that eventually cut 7,000 white-collar workers from Chrysler's payroll. Once installed in the presidency, he closed outmoded plants, shut down one office building, and sold off Chrysler's executive planes.

All told, Townsend took some \$100 million a year off Chrysler's production and operating costs. The experience was a traumatic one ("Nobody," says a Chrysler executive, "likes to be told that he has to get rid of half his department"). It was also dramatically successful. In

1959, Chrysler lost \$5,000,000 on \$2.6 billion in sales. In 1961, having reduced its break-even point, Chrysler earned \$11 million on smaller sales of only \$2.13 billion.

Dollars for Dealers. Besides a fatty headquarters operation, Townsend inherited a dealer body so discouraged that 3,000 dealers had quit Chrysler in the previous five years. Reversing the company's traditional indifference toward its dealers, Townsend has allocated \$80 million to revamp Chrysler's distribution. Sales Vice President Virgil Boyd (hired away from American Motors) and Dealer Relocation Expert Stewart Venn (hired away from Ford) have taken dealers out of fading downtown areas, put them into new Chrysler-built and -owned suburban facilities. In Vancouver, B.C., the new program lifted Chrysler's share of the car market from 11% to more than 16%.

Townsend has also shown himself quickly responsive to dealer complaints and suggestions. Early last year, Dodge dealers reported to Detroit that they were losing sales because they did not have a high-priced car in their line. Only 36 days later, Townsend announced the Dodge 880—ingeniously compounded of the front third of the Dodge Polara and the rear two-thirds of the Chrysler Newport.

Evolution & Revolution. By the time Townsend began running Chrysler, there was not much that could be done about the styling vagaries of the 1962 Chrysler cars. But he did remove a grotesque off-center tail fin running down the trunk lid of the Plymouth, and sternly admonished his stylists that "this is the radical type of styling that we are going to avoid from now on." Townsend believes that car styles should evolve slowly so that customers can always see a similarity from year to year. "There are very few people who don't know what the Olds 88 is," he argues. "It has always been in the same position and in the same price



TOWNSEND CHECKING PLYMOUTH PRODUCTION

class. But at Chrysler we have had so much interruption in continuity of size, name and styles that customers didn't know what the Dodge 440 was or what the Plymouth Fury was—and they couldn't be assured that they would still be there next year."

In Chrysler's current 1963 line, Townsend began to put some of these beliefs into effect. He had the Dodge that was planned for 1964 rushed into production as a '63, eliminated the Valiant's look-alike Lancer, and moved the Dart into the super-compact field. And as an investment in the future, he hired away Ace Ford Designer Elwood Engel, 45, who was largely responsible for the clean lines of the Lincoln Continental. In the scant time he had to work on the '63 Chryslers, Engel simplified the ornamentation on all Chrysler cars to make them look lower and wider.

Worth the Price. Along with improved styling, Townsend has concentrated on putting quality back into Chrysler cars. Every Imperial gets a two-mile road test (the less expensive lines get spot checks), and critical parts on all cars are examined for invisible defects with ultraviolet rays. Says Chicago Dealer Ronald Esserman: "It used to be that when the cars came in here from Detroit, the doors didn't fit, the moldings didn't jibe, and the upholstery wasn't straight. But this year everything fits perfectly." To drive home to car buyers his conviction that "we are now making the best cars we have ever made," Townsend three months ago inaugurated a five-year or 50,000-mile guarantee on the engine and other "power train" components of all Chrysler cars.

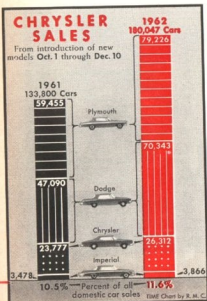
To revamp the '63s cost Chrysler \$125 million, but it was worth every penny. Over the U.S. as a whole, Chrysler's share of domestic car sales has gone from a postwar low of 9.6% with its '62s to nearly 11.6% with the '63s. If this percentage gain is held all year, it could mean a \$350 million increase in Chrysler's sales. Already it has virtually ensured that Chrysler's 1962 earnings will be at least \$50 million. In response, Wall Street has bid

Chrysler's stock up from its 1962 low of 38 to last week's 74.

Exotic Gardener. Despite all the energy he gives to Chrysler, Townsend gets home to his unpretentious ranch house in suburban Bloomfield Township almost every night for dinner and seldom brings work with him. "I've never been one who measures the quality of a job by the length of time applied thereto," he says. With his wife Ruth, whom he met at the University of Michigan, he is an avid indoor gardener, raising such exotic plants as orchids and sea grapes. Summer weekends they spend at their cabin on Byram Lake, 45 miles from home, where Townsend water-skis, boats and swims with his three sons.

In the office Townsend is a brusque, blunt executive who would rather duck into a man's office for a talk than use the telephone. With Townsend, says one hard-working Chrysler official, "the needle is always out—but always in good humor." Says Chairman George Love: "He has the rare capacity to persuade his associates to express opinions contrary to his own." Adds Love of his own relationship with Townsend: "Let's say Townsend has an uncle—an uncle with some experience in managing a pretty tough coal business. This uncle is looking over his nephew's shoulder because the uncle has invested \$20 million of the family's money in his nephew's business." Love, so far, has found little need for uncle to second-guess nephew.

About Time. Despite his drastic clampdown on Chrysler's spending, Lynn Townsend has not mortgaged future growth for the sake of current profit. Next year the company will put 50 to 75 gas-turbine Chryslers into the hands of specially selected customers for testing—a step that Townsend hopes will give Chrysler a commanding lead in development of what may prove the auto engine of the future. But the impact of Townsend's turnaround is already apparent among those shrewd-eyed of critics, the dealers. Says Sacramento Dealer Dalton Feldstein: "It's a new spirit, a new era—and it's about time."





AMF-EQUIPPED BOWLING PALACE NEAR TOKYO
Markets to spare.

this prospect, which the economists have dourly christened "high-level stagnation." U.S. businessmen in 1962 increasingly looked abroad to markets where millions for the first time had money to spend for much beyond the bare necessities. "When the aluminum market went soft at home," says Kaiser Aluminum's Chairman Edgar Kaiser, "we almost made up for it by the volume of our business in England."

Berlitz & Button-Downs. Some U.S. businessmen, of course, have been looking abroad for quite some time: Coca-Cola, Caterpillar Tractor, National Cash Register and Colgate-Palmolive get 40% or more of their sales abroad, and their trademarks are as recognizable abroad as at home. The armies of American executives who became global commuters in 1962 helped to increase the volume of international air travel by 20%. From Scotland to Singapore, the button-down collar was as familiar a symbol of the footloose businessman as the carpetbag in the Reconstruction South. To welcome the new invaders, the Banco di Roma issued a fat catalogue of investment opportunities in English. Berlitz, which had only 300 U.S. executives studying on company time in its language schools in 1952, had 3,000 last year, even though most businessmen sit down overseas expecting to talk only English and the universal language of money.

Out of all this came a steady increase in U.S. investment around the globe (*see map*). Singer Manufacturing, the sewing machine maker that rings up 57% of its \$640 million annual sales abroad, last year opened new plants in Nigeria and Ceylon. American Machine & Foundry introduced automated bowling alleys to Japan, and in Buenos Aires Rockefeller-backed supermarkets began to undersell corner grocers by 25% or more.

But since the Common Market came into being in 1957, the tide of U.S. business activity abroad has been steadily shifting toward Europe, and in 1962 U.S. investment in the Common Market rose to a new yearly record of \$881 million. In October alone, U.S. firms made 21 major advances into the European market, ranging from Du Pont's acquisition of a German film manufacturer to U.S. Steel's fifty-fifty partnership with Italy's government-owned Finsider complex in a new fabricating plant. Among the burgeoning American enclaves in Europe was the town of Genk, Belgium, where a subsidiary of Allegheny Ludlum broke ground for a rolling mill just across a canal from the site of a new \$73 million Ford plant. In all, U.S.-owned plants in Western Europe in 1962 produced some \$12 billion

worth of goods, three times the value of U.S. exports of manufactured goods to Europe, and more than the combined gross national products of Austria and Finland.

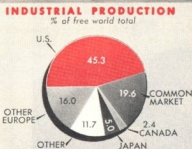
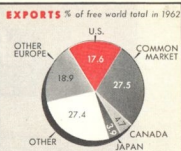
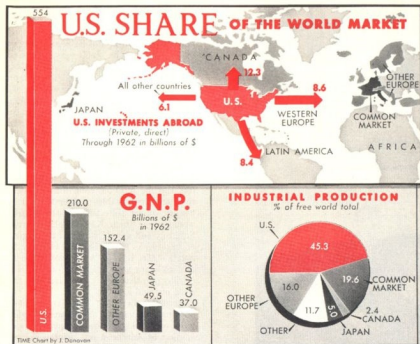
Headroom for Big Charlie. Partly because so many U.S. companies have already established their European beachheads, U.S. investment in the Common Market entered a new phase in 1962: U.S. firms are shifting from wholly owned European branches to convenient marriages of capital and knowledge with European companies. American Motors, whose foreign sales have risen from 16,000 cars in 1960 to 53,000 in 1962, closed a deal under which France's Renault will assemble its Ramblers, and won an order from Charles de Gaulle for a bulletproof sedan. (Big Charlie presumably likes the Rambler's headroom.) In another international alliance, Republic Aviation joined forces with planemakers from four Common Market countries and Britain to design a jet fighter for NATO. U.S. business operations abroad are getting to be like those new international movie productions whose stars come from all over and speak in many accents.

The tide does not run just one way. France's Saint-Gobain, the world's biggest manufacturer of glass, opened a highly automated \$40 million plant near Kingsport, Tenn., in 1962, and Paris-based Pechiney, Europe's biggest aluminum maker, bought control of New York's Howe Sound Co. A resourceful lady from Tokyo turned a tidy profit in New York's financial district with a restaurant catering to the lunchtime tastes of the 1,000 Japanese brokers and businessmen now operating in downtown Manhattan.

Sprouting from Brussels. The new Europe, though disturbed by its own slowdown, is the Western world's fastest growing economy. The Common Market Six led the world in international trade in 1962; were second only to the U.S. in automobile production (4,700,000 cars), and were rapidly gaining on the U.S. and



SAINT-GOBAIN GLASS PLANT IN TENNESSEE
And a tea-house in Wall Street.



Russia in steel production (about 70 million tons). In its fifth year, the Common Market forced itself on international consciousness as the world's third great economic power.

It was by no means immune to outside economic forces; its stock markets fell in sympathy with Wall Street and rose on Wall Street's rebound. But, with a confidence born of its growing strength and unity, the Common Market last year did more to shape the emerging world market than any other force. From all over the globe, importunate ambassadors and chiefs of state flew into Brussels to impress on Walter Hallstein, German-born president of the Common Market Executive, the damage that they feared the Market's prospective single tariff wall would do to their national economies. In response the Marketeers began to work out special arrangements for such genuine hardship cases as Greece, Israel and Turkey. But when President Kennedy offended Belgium by raising tariffs on carpets and glass, the Common Market retaliated by raising duties on the products of three U.S. industries noted for their protectionism: chemicals, paints and textiles. To protect European farmers, who are far less efficient than European manufacturers, the Marketeers stiffened their agricultural tariffs to discourage a wide array of imports—and shrugged off the protests of U.S. Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman.

The Sincerest Flattery. Outsiders responded to the spectacular growth of the Europeans with envy or fury. Nikita Khrushchev called the Common Market nations aggressive agents of imperialism, while simultaneously urging his tattered satellites to emulate them. Britain agonized over the stiff conditions the Mar-

ketters set as the price of British admission to their club, and as a result found its businessmen nervously postponing modernization and expansion plans. So eager was Spain's Francisco Franco to make his nation's application for admission to the Market palatable that he issued sweeping new decrees rescinding many of his government's rigid controls over the Spanish economy. In Latin America, Africa, the Arab world and Southeast Asia, underdeveloped nations talked of starting little "common markets" of their own. In the U.S., Detroit's Henry Ford II summed up: "In the years ahead, U.S. business will find its biggest opportunities and toughest challenges in Europe's Common Market."

The Big Spenders. Europe's fastest expanding markets now are for consumer goods—appliances, clothes, convenience foods—which batten on fatter paychecks. In 1962 wages and fringes climbed 10% to 15% in Germany, France and Italy, and though the European worker is still paid only half as much on average as his American counterpart, he is getting to be quite a spender and customer. This year for the first time, private consumption grew faster than capital investment in the Common Market.

How deeply the U.S. can penetrate this market will depend upon how smoothly Europe and the U.S. manage the integration of their economies. And this in turn depends heavily upon whether Britain finally gets into the market. A key clause in the U.S. Trade Expansion Act permits the President to abolish tariffs entirely only on products for which the U.S. and the Common Market between them account for 80% of world trade. With Britain in the Common Market, there would be 15 such areas, ranging from cos-

metics and organic chemicals to soap and cars. With Britain out, the list shrinks to two—airplanes and shortening.

Starting High. Even if Britain does not join the market, the U.S. has much to gain from coming to a tariff agreement with the Six—partly because U.S. trade barriers are higher than theirs already, and reductions of the same percentage on both sides would still leave U.S. barriers higher. (Where the Six impose tariffs of 35% or more on only seven categories of goods, the U.S. does so on 110.) And the Common Market nations have shown a readiness to go more than half way in meeting the U.S. This year, the Six trimmed tariffs on a wide range of U.S. imports valued at \$1.6 billion a year, in return accepted U.S. tariff cuts on Common Market exports amounting to only \$1.2 billion. Because its six member nations rely on foreign trade for one-third of their gross national products, Common Market President Walter Hallstein says: "We simply cannot afford to be protectionist."

Provided that the Common Market practices what it preaches, and the U.S. is correspondingly flexible and farsighted, there could open a new era in world economic history. Says Chairman John Brooks of California's Lear Siegler Inc.: "If we play it right, this country should be in a position ten years from now where doing business with West Germany would be like doing business with Texas." The promise is not only economic. The interlocking of markets, the sharing and spreading of prosperity are objectives that move businessmen. The side effect of this effort, not specifically intended by businessmen but welcomed in their calculations, is the political health and strength of all who join in the alliance.



COLLECTOR DALE & PORTRAIT BY DIEGO RIVERA
A \$10 million hobby.

Dale's Children

The private secretary of the noted Wall Street broker was so shocked at her boss's extracurricular extravagance that one day she decided to speak to him about it. "Mr. Dale," she said, "do you realize that you have spent over \$1,000,000 on your hobby?" Chester Dale may or may not have realized it, but that first million was eventually to mount to at least \$9,000,000 more. He was to accumulate one of the world's best private collections of French painting from David to Cézanne along with such "ancestors" as Rubens, in whom he saw a kinship to Renoir, and such later masters as Picasso.

The son of a Manhattan department store salesman, Dale was a blunt redhead with a lifelong fascination for fire engines. He began playing the horses when he was 14, later joined a Wall Street firm that specialized in railroad bonds, was one of the first to make a fortune out of the sale of public utility securities. His wife Maud had a passion for art that proved contagious. "She had the knowledge," Dale said, "I had the acquisitiveness." And that was how the great collection began.

He developed an almost unerring eye for what was good, and he could justly boast that he did not have to rely on the advice of dealers. He never bothered to talk esthetics; he would say that a picture was "hot" or "terrific" or that it "hits me hard." In gentler moments, the childless Dale referred to his paintings as "my children," and he once reported that "I look at my pictures every night before I go to bed." He was generous to Washing-

ton's National Gallery of Art, of which he became president in 1955, but he would watch carefully to see how a painting that he had lent was hung before he would make it a permanent gift. As the years advanced, one of the big questions for all major U.S. museums was: Where would the Chester Dale Collection finally go?

Last week, when Dale died of a heart attack at the age of 79, at least part of the question was answered. Of the 1,000 items in his collection, Dale had already given the National Gallery 193. Now he bequeathed to it most of the rest (the complete list of painters and titles is a part of the as yet unprobated will), including 80 that hung in his own Manhattan apartment and must therefore have been Dale's favorite children.

Maxim's Mission

Maxim Karolik, 69, the opera tenor from Petrograd who emigrated to the U.S., married a proper Bostonian millionairess and became the most conspicuous collector of 19th century American art, divides most of his time these days between his late wife's summer mansion in Newport and the Ritz in Boston. At the Ritz he usually lunches alone, but every few bites he springs across the room to greet in heavily accented English some acquaintance at another table. In Newport his batonlike index finger waves to the accompaniment of an avalanche of talk, which is usually about Maxim Karolik. In both places he is like a character out of an old Russian novel—a tall, exuberant figure with a penchant for astrakhan-collared coats or pea jackets with

mink collars and cuffs. "In Newport," he says in a typical Karolik maxim, "I am prominent. In Boston, I am important."

What Didn't Exist. He is indeed important in Boston, and he began being so in 1928, when he flabbergasted Beacon Hill by marrying the rich (in shipping) and prominent Martha Codman. Among the things the two had in common was an admiration for the Codman heirlooms, mostly Early American furniture. The furniture led Karolik to a taste for American art of the 19th century—a period that, except for its folk art, other collectors were studiously ignoring.

The Boston Museum of Fine Arts also had a taste for such things, and the Karoliks and the museum soon formed one of the most remarkable partnerships in the history of art collecting. If the museum would accept them, Karolik said, he would find, buy and donate works of the neglected period. As Critic Brian O'Doherty has noted, "Mr. Karolik must have been the first collector anywhere to offer a museum a collection that didn't exist and who then went out and got it."

Actually there are three collections—one predominantly of furniture, which went on display in the museum in 1941; another of American oils painted between 1815 and 1865, which was put on exhibition in 1951; and the third of watercolors, prints and drawings, which was on view last week, ending Karolik's 28-year mission. The 3,000 items in the show, all dating from 1800 to 1875, form the most appealing of the collections (see color). Good or bad, naive or sophisticated, these sketches and paintings reported the youth of the country with far more freshness than the century's more formal oils.

What Was Neglected. Some of the artists studied in Europe, but the show as a whole has a made-in-U.S.A. quality. The artists recorded cozy villages and awesome mountains, bustling ports and empty plains, the nation at peace and at war with itself. Their brushes could catch a moment in the life of a town, as in L. J. Cranstone's *Street*, or impose upon an ordinary scene a kind of theatrical grandeur, as in A. Z. Shindler's *Cemetery*. One English visitor observed that "the country seemed to swarm with paint-



COLLECTOR KAROLIK
A nicely singled-out cause.

REDISCOVERED BEAUTY IN 19TH CENTURY U.S. ART



CRANSTONE'S "STREET IN WINTER, RICHMOND, IND." CATCHES CHARM OF QUIET VILLAGE

SHINDLER'S FORMAL "EPISCOPAL CEMETERY, PHILADELPHIA" HAS EERIE GOTHIC SPLendor





*Christmas-Morning Crews
take over the room-high skies
and the carpet seas*

Wausau Story

AT REMCO INDUSTRIES, INC., NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

as told by
**Remco President,
Saul Robbins**

*(who is also President of
the Toy Manufacturers'
Association of the U.S.A.)*



"It takes more than an idea and a production line to create toys children want and Santa will deliver. It also takes *educated intuition*.

"For the toy manufacturer, *educated intuition* is a compound of

children's dreams, parents' approval, the production man's practicality, and the accountant's concern with costs.

"The people from Employers Mutuals of Wausau help us anticipate and solve our safety problems with their own kind of *educated intuition*. When we add a new toy to the Remco line, machinery must be speedily converted and procedures changed immediately. Wausau people work with us, at our pace, and safety becomes a built-in part of the changed plant set-up. They help us eliminate mechanical

hazards, provide the right protective devices and gear, work out proper handling and controls.

"Employers Mutuals people bring foresight and insight to our business. They're 'good people to do business with'."

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ers," and as the artists headed West in search of new wonders, another commentator said that he "doubted if the brush had ever followed so hard on the rifle."

All this, as the museum's Director Perry Rathbone says, is part of the "neglected treasure of our own country." And had it not been for the voluble former Russian who took up the cause, decades might have passed before others began to realize that there was one.

The Wizard of Atelier 17

Miró, Dali, Giacometti, Lipchitz, Pollock, and many other famous names of modern art share a common detail of biography: at one time or another they worked at Atelier 17, a studio that opened in 1927 at 17 rue Campagne-Première in Paris. Masters though they were, they had things to learn from the Englishman who founded Atelier 17 and still presides over it at another address: Stanley William Hayter, superb technician of the graphic arts and greatest innovator of modern etching. Last week in Manhattan, the AAA Gallery was showing Atelier 17 prints by Hayter and other artists, and a retrospective show of Atelier 17 work was touring the U.S. under the auspices of the American Federation of Arts.

Hayter, now 60, started out to be a scientist rather than an artist. He graduated from London University with honors in chemistry, did research in organic sulphur compounds, worked in Iran for three years with an oil company. When he decided in his early 20s that he wanted to devote his life to art, he found his knowledge of chemistry enabled him to bring new techniques to the old, nearly moribund art of etching.

The basic procedure of etching is to coat a copper plate with wax, draw on it with a needle that exposes the metal, and immerse the plate in acid, which eats away the exposed area. After removing

the wax, the artist prints the plate by coating it with ink, wiping the ink from the surface, and pressing the plate against paper that draws ink out of the etched depressions by a blotting action.

Hayter experimented with substitutes for the wax. He tried using on a single plate various substances with different degrees of resistance to the acid. The acid, biting into the metal faster in one spot, more slowly in another, could produce complex and subtle effects not possible before. As the artist worked, the acid working on the copper would produce new images that as he observed them would excite his imagination.

He also learned, and taught other artists, how to impress the forms of textiles and other materials upon the plate to provide textural effects. He devised techniques for softening outlines, reproducing the fluency of a cloud, the delicacy of a veil, a swirl of movement as in his *Tarantella*. His discoveries and inventions opened up what was virtually a new realm of art: he showed that etching need not be merely a method of reproducing a drawing but an independent art form in itself, capable of effects that brushes or crayons could not achieve.

In his own prints and paintings Hayter shuns surface reality for an internal image or mood. He starts a painting with some sort of bold weblike line which runs all through the canvas, suggesting as it goes interlocking fields of color, vibrant intersections, the feeling of movement and force. He may use only three colors in a painting, but the interlacing and crisscrossing give a sense of many more. In the end, the painting becomes a generalized statement of intangibles—the rush of water, the cool darkness of a forest, the silent chemistry of day dissolving into night.

Out of Violence, Victory

To the tune of a commercial for a noted detergent, Jack Zajac of Claremont, Calif., lightheartedly identifies himself as "Zajac the foaming sculptor," but behind the punning and affability of the man is an artistry that is anything but frothy. At 33, Sculptor-Painter Zajac has already produced a body of work as profound as that

FELIX LANDAU GALLERY



ZAJAC'S "DEPOSITION"
The gesture of the whole body.

of almost any other American of his age.

In his new exhibition at Los Angeles' Felix Landau Gallery, he shows battered rams' heads, writhing rams' horns, trussed-up goats, a series of pieces depicting the deposition from the cross. Visually, the sculptures are violent and brutal, but the emotion they arouse is a sense of tragedy and triumph combined. As images, they go back to man's earliest history, yet their vigor is ageless. Zajac uses a religious iconography because he feels that this alone is adequate to express "the complete cycle of man's experience."

The most famous of his themes is the sacrificial goat, sometimes tied to a stake, sometimes merely bound. He first saw such goats when traveling through Spain, and to him, "the whole slaughter seemed like a strange remnant of the Passion." The ram image came to him by accident when, squeezing a ball of soft wax, he saw how it oozed through his fingers, seemed to form spiral horns. The rams' horns in Zajac's sculpture are usually broken, yet the sweep of the horn—in itself one of nature's most graceful images—is unimpaired. The impression that Zajac is after is "damage, but not defeat. I want the rams to seem triumphant."

In his human figures, whether painted or sculpted, the faces are either obscured or hidden completely. It is the gesture of the whole body, not the facial gesture, that "best communicates suffering and death." The depositions are explosive compositions of legs and arms—the sturdy legs of the supporters, the lifeless but still agonized limbs of the one who has violently died. The essential drama of Zajac's work comes into focus: the eternally awesome confrontation of life with death. But just as the damaged horns imply triumph, so the Passion must imply resurrection. It is man's oldest and dearest hope: that out of the violence will emerge, after all, some sort of victory.



ETCHER HAYTER

"TARANTELLA"

The subtle effects of acid.

Papa of Psychiatry

Freud. It's a fighting word. Two decades after his death, the papa of psychiatry is still assiduously abused as an intellectual Bluebeard who ravaged the soul of modern man in the name of unmitigated sex. Yet he is also hailed as the Columbus of the unconscious who discovered a new world in the depths of the human mind. Which Freud is the real Freud—Bluebeard or Columbus? Director John Huston plumps for Columbus, and he tells why in this taut intellectual thriller.

Hysterics, when Freud (Montgomery Clift) begins to study them, are scorned by neurologists as silly women who act up to get attention, suffer at worst from a "wandering womb." Freud doubts the diagnosis, suggests that hysteria proves the existence of unconscious thoughts. Most of his colleagues laugh in his face, but Dr. Josef Breuer (Larry Parks) describes a hysteric named Cecily (Susannah York) who relieved a symptom simply by talking about what caused it. Freud takes over the case. And so begins a vastly exciting drama of detection, in which the audience simultaneously sees a lurid mystery unfold and a momentous theory develop. Following his patient's lead, Freud successively discovers the therapeutic methods of catharsis, free association and dream analysis, finally derives from a heroic self-analysis his doctrine that most neurosis results from sexual conflict.

The story is not accurate in detail—Cecily, for instance, is a composite patient—but it is resolutely true to the spirit of the man and his work. What's more, it is directed with dominating intelligence. Huston condenses the electric personality of Actress York into an electrocuting charge of neurotic charm. And he even manages to make Actor Clift stop twirling long enough to suggest not ineffectively the Moses of mental health. Behind that bushy beard—who knows?—he may even be acting.

Most Americans have been touched by Freud's great work—some by taking psychiatric treatment, many by observing its

effects in others, many more by living in a cultural climate fraught with Freudian ideas. Familiarity may breed some contempt: the film at times seems quaintly elementary. Furthermore, no competent modern psychiatrist accepts the theory that most neuroses take a sexual provenance. Freud, like Columbus, mistook the new world he discovered for something it was not. Nevertheless, it was Freud who saw the way when all the world was blind, and who followed it where all men feared to go. This picture is a tribute much too long delayed.

Children in Darkness

David and Lisa is a tribute much more deeply touching: a story of two terrified children, lost in the deep black mine of the mind, who are found there by the means that Freud discovered and are led back to life by the bright red thread of love.

David (Keir Dullea) is a 17-year-old boy with a high IQ and an obsessive-compulsive neurosis. He lives in morbid horror of dirt, in insane ambition to stop time and so cheat death, in panic dread that someday someone may touch him—"because a touch can kill." Lisa (Janet Margolin) is a 15-year-old girl with soft brown eyes and schizophrenia. She is split into two well-defined personalities. As Lisa she is a silly four-year-old who talks all the time but only in a "word salad" seasoned with rhyme ("A big fat sow—and how and how"); as Muriel she is a demure adolescent who communicates in writing because she can't talk.

The children, who meet in a home for disturbed adolescents, are almost inaccessible to therapy. But their doctor (Howard da Silva) works with steady devotion, and one day a miracle happens. Lisa comes sidling up to David and says shyly: "Me, the same; Lisa, the name." Startled but pleased, David replies: "Me, the same; David, the name." After that they often talk, though always in rhyme—when they talk in prose, Muriel comes back, and Lisa doesn't like Muriel. But she adores David, and he is half in love with her too.

His sickness keeps him from admiring

it. He can't take the risk of relating to people—only to clocks. Clocks he can start and stop whenever he likes, but people he can't control. One night he has a dream in which he tries to cut Lisa's head off with the hand of a giant clock, tries with all his might—and fails. Next day he says to her tenderly: "I see a girl who looks like a pearl. Then all at once Lisa stops bothering about rhyme, and Muriel makes a drawing that shows her two personalities united in an all-inclusive Me.

David feels the change in her, a new depth of love and trust that makes a change in him too. He fights it. All the fear in him fights it. But he can't resist. He can't hold out against the terrible and wonderful warmth that steals through his limbs whenever he sees her, that makes his cheeks burn and his eyes swim and his heart pound and his hand reach out to—No! A touch can kill! Death is in her hands! But love is in her hands too, and love conquers death. In terror, in bliss, his face a sepulcher torn open, his eyes a resurrection, David turns to Lisa, one lost child turns to another lost child and stammers the three little words that make him a member of mankind: "Take my hand."

Based on a case history written with distinction by Dr. Theodore Isaac Rubin, *David and Lisa* was made in suburban Philadelphia by a director (Frank Perry), a scriptwriter (Eleanor Perry, the director's wife) and a leading lady (Margolin) who had never made a motion picture before. Amazingly, this gang of greenhorns has produced a minor masterpiece, easily the best U.S. movie released in 1962. The script is a tour de force of iatrical intuition. The performances are stunningly good—Dullea in particular works with a subtlety, accuracy and intensity of feeling that indicate important talent. And Director Perry, heretofore only an associate producer of Broadway plays, leaps to the public eye as a cinema natural. In his use of the camera, in the pace of his cutting, he displays in rare degree what Sergei Eisenstein called "the film sense." But in the inspiration and manipulation of his actors he reveals a more profound and significant gift: the sense for what is specifically human in human beings, the sense of the heart.



CLIFT & YORK IN "FREUD"



DULLEA & MARGOLIN IN "DAVID AND LISA"

Through the black mine of the mind, a bright red thread of love.

BOOKS

Up in Thurber's Attic

CREDOS AND CURIOS (180 pp.)—James Thurber—Harper & Row (\$3.95).

The death of every major author, James Thurber wrote, is followed by the arrival at his door of a literary executor, who will drink his Scotch, mouse around his attic for a year or more, then cart off all his old laundry tickets, racing forms and telephone numbers for a posthumous volume. Anticipating this raggedy sort of immortality, Thurber once poked through his papers and, in *The Notebooks of James Thurber*, listed seven deterrents to their publication: "persistent illegibility, paucity of material, triviality of content, ambiguity of meaning, facetious approach, preponderance of juvenilia and exasperating abbreviation." In this volume of hitherto uncollected sketches, essays and profiles, only the problems of illegibility and abbreviation have been solved.

The collection includes everything from introductions to cartoon books to patter for *Playboy*, 21 pieces in all, some more than 30 years old. *The Notebooks* is the best piece, precisely because it tells, in strong, wry Thurber talk, why the rest should not have been printed at all. Only Thurberphiles who want to have his "complete oeuvre" on their shelves will welcome the book, and *oeuvre*, after all, is a word that would have left Thurber annoyed and embarrassed.

Evallonia Revisited

GREENMANTLE: JOHN MACNAB: THE HOUSE OF THE FOUR WINDS; CASTLE GAY—John Buchan—Penguin Books (85¢ each).

Has some scoundrel been fomenting a holy war in Turkey? Can the dastardly plot to do in the Greek Premier be foiled? Is the hated Boche all cranked up to subvert Mesopotamia? Yes, yes, and yes. The thing to do, as many a British reader from 15 to 30 knows, is call in Richard Hannay. At least that is what old Sir Walter Bullivant at the Foreign Office always did, and with the most heartening results for both the interests of Old England and the greater glory of a sandpiper-sized Scottish scrivener named John Buchan. A soldier, a respected historian, Member of Parliament and, finally (as Lord Tweedsmuir) British Governor General of Canada, Writer-Statesman Buchan died in 1940. But lionhearted Dick Hannay and dozens of other Buchan characters, whose World War I and between-wars exploits fill a score of volumes, go marching on, most recently in four books just released in the U.S. in paperback editions.

Out of the Doldrums, Buchan began writing in 1895 and produced scholarly biographies of Scott and Oliver Cromwell, as well as a 1,500,000-word account of World War I. But his apparently secure niche in literary history depends on the

oldest storytelling skill in the world: the ability to transport recognizable people to exotic places, place them in jeopardy, and bring them back alive.

The schoolboy hero of Buchan's *The Magic Walking Stick* finds a cane that, properly twirled by the owner, twirls him from the doldrums of home to far-off times and places. In *The House of the Four Winds* (which along with *Castle Gay* is part of a trilogy about a retired Glasgow grocer named Dickson McCunn), Buchan plunks assorted Britons smack dab in the middle of a palace revolution



BUCHAN (AS GOVERNOR GENERAL)
Tough as a sjambok, shy as a tsessebe.

in Evallonia, a small, turbulent European state north by east from Ruritania.

Girls, Seldom. In all of this, Buchan is to present-day international-chase writers what Henry Ford was to the mass-produced automobile. Everything he started is still going strong, from the cross-country chase in a purring Bentley to the use of arcane skills (like the ability to get along in colloquial Kurdish) to extricate the hero from a sticky situation. Richard Hannay, an ex-brigadier and a onetime mining engineer first seen in *The Thirty-Nine Steps*, speaks Afrikaans and German, turns out to be a dead shot with a captured Mauser, describes himself as "tough as a sjambok." (Most Buchan readers know what a sjambok is.) Hannay's American crony, John S. Blenkiron, drinks nothing but boiled milk (to placate his seething "duodenum"), bursts out with John Brown's *Body* when things look darkest, but is matchless at diagnosing the nefarious geopolitical logic behind any dirty work at the crossroads of the world. Grizzled old

Boer and ex-Guide Peter Pienaar, who "could track a tsessebe in thick bush" (Buchan readers know what a tsessebe is*), turns out to be most useful in *Greenmantle* as a messenger. He slithers silently through Turkish lines and brings news of Turkish weak spots to the Grand Duke commanding the Russian forces. Because it is Buchan, the Grand Duke turns out to have hunted lions with Peter on the veld back in '98.

Spoor & Spurn. What is most striking about Buchan's heroes, for modern readers at least, is their now archaic innocence and idealism of word and deed. Modeled on Buchan's Oxford friends and fellow World War I officers, they were created in a time when aristocratic and gentlemanly virtues were still fashionable and younger sons sought fame at the four corners of the world. For them, the trail of anything, even an idea, is always a "spoor." Girls, when they appear, and they appear seldom, are customarily wholesome and boyishly slim. Men are lean and shy (of sex and praise, anyway). In *Greenmantle*, for instance, another Hannay pal called Sandy Arbutnot spurns the passionate advances of a fetching but fell lady spy named Hilda von Einem. "You must know, Madam," he says as bullets whiz about them, "that I am a British officer."

Nowadays such behavior is hopelessly out of all fashion, literary and otherwise. But it has a considerable charm, partly, one suspects, because Buchan would so clearly have behaved that way himself, partly because it offers a refreshing change from the satirical cynicism of today's crop of international gumshoes. (Imagine James Bond rejecting a dish like that!) Buchan dealt in other literary coinage—glints of dry Scots humor, an eloquent fondness for the British countryside, the straightforward invocation of courage and comradeship in danger. The face on the coin is Victorian, but it rings true.

Escape to Privacy

CENTURIES OF CHILDHOOD (447 pp.)—Philippe Ariès—Knopf (\$8.50).

A man of the Middle Ages, dropped into the modern world, might gaze at the jets and TV sets. But what would really set him back on his heels is the attitude of the modern family toward its children.

For if no culture in history has been so child-centered as the Spock-marked society of contemporary America, few have been so careless of their children as that of medieval Europe. How Western man moved from then to now is the subject of this rich piece of French scholarship by Social Historian Philippe Ariès.

Sex for the Innocent. In medieval France, painters were so ignorant of what a child was that they had no idea how to paint him. A 12th century miniature depicting the New Testament scene in

* A large South African antelope. A sjambok, on the other hand, is a heavy hide whip.



CHILDREN AT PLAY IN AN EARLY TAVERN
No one thought that innocence existed.

which Jesus says, "Suffer little children . . . to come unto me," shows Jesus surrounded by eight small men; newborn infants were commonly painted with the musculature of grownups, their age indicated only by their size. The reason, says Scholar Ariès, is that during the Middle Ages, and for a long time afterward among the lower classes, children were thrown into the adult world at the age of six or seven, not long after their long-postponed weaning and as soon as they could get along without their mothers or nurses. Until the 17th century, they wore the same clothes as grownups.

Medieval society made no attempt to shield its children from sex. Adults commonly carried on sexual relations in front of them and thought their children's own forms of sexual play were enormously amusing. "There were two reasons for this," writes Ariès. "In the first place, the child under the age of puberty was believed to be unaware of or indifferent to sex . . . Secondly, the idea did not yet exist that references to sexual matters . . . could soil childish innocence; nobody thought that this innocence really existed."

Blackboard Jungle. But toward the close of the 15th century, a new attitude arose among the pedagogues: first, that children were innocent, and their innocence should be protected; second, that they had character, which should be strengthened and formed.

At the same time, says Historian Ariès, another process had been going on—the development of the family. Family life in medieval Europe was submerged in the mooling world of society as a whole. Even in the 17th century, it was an extremely public thing. Houses flowed with people; visitors might arrive at any hour of the day or night, and the interconnecting rooms—except for the kitchens—were completely unspecialized. Beds were set up anywhere and everywhere, four or

more to a room; they were collapsible and were often taken down and moved after being slept in. Meals were eaten on any table that happened to be handy, and in any room at practically any time a couple or two might be sleeping, another group eating, and a third entertaining visitors and dancing.

The Beginning of Comfort. But in the 18th century, the family began to push back the intruders and seek privacy. The interior arrangement of the houses changed; rooms began to open on corridors, so that someone going from one end of the house to the other did not have to traipse through every room in between.

As the family became more and more of a private unit, it was increasingly preoccupied with the child, immuring him for his own good in the highly disciplined boarding school of the 18th and 19th centuries. Writes Ariès: "The solicitude of family, church, moralists and administrators deprived the child of the freedom he had hitherto enjoyed among adults. It inflicted on him the birch, the prison cell—in a word, the punishments usually reserved for convicts from the lowest strata of society. But this severity was the expression of a very different feeling from the old indifference: an obsessive love which was to dominate society from the 18th century on."

Many a modern parent and pedagogue who reads this book will have moments of yearning for the indifferent old days.

Rut

THE CALIFORNIA TRAIL (339 pp.)—George R. Stewart—McGraw-Hill (\$6.95).

George R. Stewart writes inanimate prose about inanimate heroes. His best-selling books—with titles like *Storm, Fire, or U.S.*—generally describe some vast entity of nature or engineering and its ef-

fect upon scores of tiny lives. His new book might have been called *Rut*. Its chapters are headed "1841," "1842" and "1843" and so on, as year by ox-drawn year he records the development of the overland route to California. Back and forth the reader travels, five times in the first 100 pages alone, until a pair of transcontinental grooves has been worn into the top of the brain.

But grooves like these should be worn more often. *The California Trail* is a proud and valuable book, researched with skill and a lifetime's attention. Its lack of flashing style can hardly defeat the record it offers. In this era of the third martini and the heart-saver chair, the story of the people in the covered wagons seems shockingly alien, as if they were someone else's ancestors.

Minor Nuisance. Many of them were kids, 10 or 20 years old, often newly married, with a couple of yoke of oxen and no fear at all. On a good day they could make 14 miles, and after two months of walking or jolting along, they still had 1,500 to go. When a baby was born, the wagon train would stop for a few hours. They were not the sort of people to die on the trail, and amazingly few did. In fact, the skeletons that are strewn all over the emigrants' path in Stewart's book are almost entirely the remains of oxen, milch cows, and Hollywood scriptwriters. Indians, he says, "were a minor nuisance, not a real hazard." A wagon trail to California was first attempted in 1841, and new tries were made each year, but no white traveler was killed by an Indian until 1845.

Later, when the Indians did strike from time to time, there is no record anywhere that they galloped around in circles twanging arrows into the ring of wagons, an absolutely pointless maneuver since the Indians would have been exposing themselves to rifle fire from protected riflemen. Instead, they laid siege, taking command of any springs or streams, until the white men's tongues turned black. But that was rare. Mainly, they hung around asking for handouts.

No Horses. No one used Conestoga wagons; they were too ungainly. Smaller ones, with boxes about 9 ft. by 4 ft., were popular. They were not called prairie schooners. When deep rivers were encountered, the bottom of the boxes could be covered with canvas or hides; off came the wheels and the vehicle became a boat. On land, they were pulled by oxen or mules, mainly oxen, because an ox cost only \$25, a mule \$75. No horses. Too weak.

While they were still in the relative East, they ate three-star meals, with hot biscuits, fresh butter, honey, milk, cream, venison, wild peas, tea and coffee all included in a single typical dinner. Toward the other end, they ate rancid bacon, mountain sheep, red fox, and sometimes boiled hides. When they were dying of thirst, they drank mule urine. While 47 of the 87 members of the Donner Party were dying of hunger in 1846, there was some cannibalism. "What do you think I cooked this morning?" said Aunt Betsy Donner one day. "Shoemaker's arm."



Art or Science?

The musical staff system is one of the first scientific "graphs" evolved by man. It is essentially a time-frequency-amplitude diagram. The tempered scale which Bach helped develop, actually a logarithmic series with intervals of $\sqrt[12]{2}$, completely revolutionized Western music.

Bach's Preludes and Fugues are beautiful because Bach had the imagination of an artist. They are valid because he employed the disciplines of a scientist.

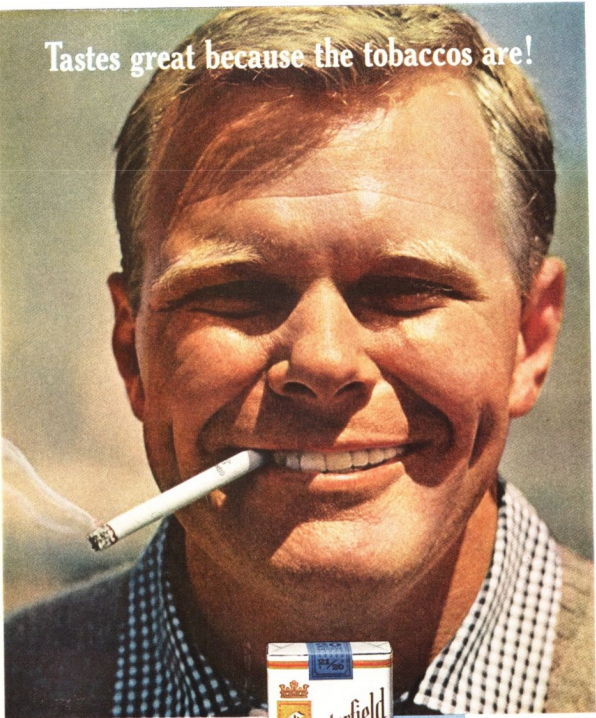
Imagination and discipline must walk hand in hand if modern technology is to fill the needs of modern markets. And the scope of these needs is limited only by the ability of market research to identify them. We at Celanese regard this task of identifying areas of market opportunity second only to the imagination and discipline necessary to fill the needs thus established.

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Vintage tobaccos grown, aged, and blended mild...made to taste even milder through the longer length of Chesterfield King.

CHESTERFIELD KING

TOBACCOS TOO MILD TO FILTER, PLEASURE TOO GOOD TO MISS



FOR A
GENTLER,
SMOOTHER
TASTE

ENJOY THE
LONGER
LENGTH OF
CHESTERFIELD
KING

ORDINARY CIGARETTES

CHESTERFIELD KING

The smoke of a Chesterfield King mellows and softens as it flows through longer length... becomes smooth and gentle to your taste.